

CAPTAIN
ROCKET



"WE MUST PREPARE FOR
AN INVASION FROM MARS!"

CAPTAIN "ROCKET"

SCIENCE-FICTION COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER



THE MAN
WHO
WANTED A
WORLD!

GRAVEYARD
OF THE
ROCKETEERS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Captain ROCKET

THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ROCKETEERS

THEN IT IS SOMEWHERE ON THE SPACE LANES BETWEEN EARTH AND VENUS, ARGO, THAT THESE CARGO CRUISERS ARE MISSING? JUST WHAT WAS THEIR CARGO?

MINING EQUIPMENT FOR VENUS, CAPTAIN ROCKET! WITHOUT IT THE VENUSIANS CANNOT EXTRACT EARTH'S FUEL, ATOLENE, FROM THEIR JUNGLES. EARTH MUST KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THOSE TWELVE MISSING CARGO SPACE SHIPS! LISTEN...

CAPTAIN ROCKET! COME TO LABORATORY 3, AT ONCE!



ALAN CAMPBELL, BETTER KNOWN AS CAPTAIN ROCKET, WITH HIS VAST STOREHOUSE OF SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE, IS THE LAST HOPE OF EARTH'S GOVERNING COUNCILS WHEN THINGS GO WRONG. HE STANDS READY AT ALL TIMES TO DEFEND AND PROTECT EARTH AGAINST ANY THREAT. BUT EVEN HE WAS BAFFLED WHEN SPACE CRUISERS, BEARING VITAL FREIGHT, DISAPPEARED INTO THE ETERNAL TWILIGHT OF THE STRATOSPHERE. AND NOW HE AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, ARGO, FEVERISHLY ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERIES LOCKED DEEP IN... THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ROCKETEERS!

HERE WE ARE, LAB THREE... I HOPE THEY'VE BROUGHT THAT SURVIVOR OF THE LAST FREIGHT CRUISER AROUND FOR QUESTIONING.

HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE, CAPTAIN. THIS MAN MANAGED TO ESCAPE AT THE LAST MOMENT, BUT LOOK--- HERE IS DR. FRAK!



IT'S HOPELESS, CAPTAIN ROCKET! WE'VE TRIED VITA-PLASMA, SHOCK RAYS, PROBOSCOPE, AND DIFFERENTIAL ELECTRO-BATH! EVERY MUSCLE IS COMPLETELY PARALYZED!

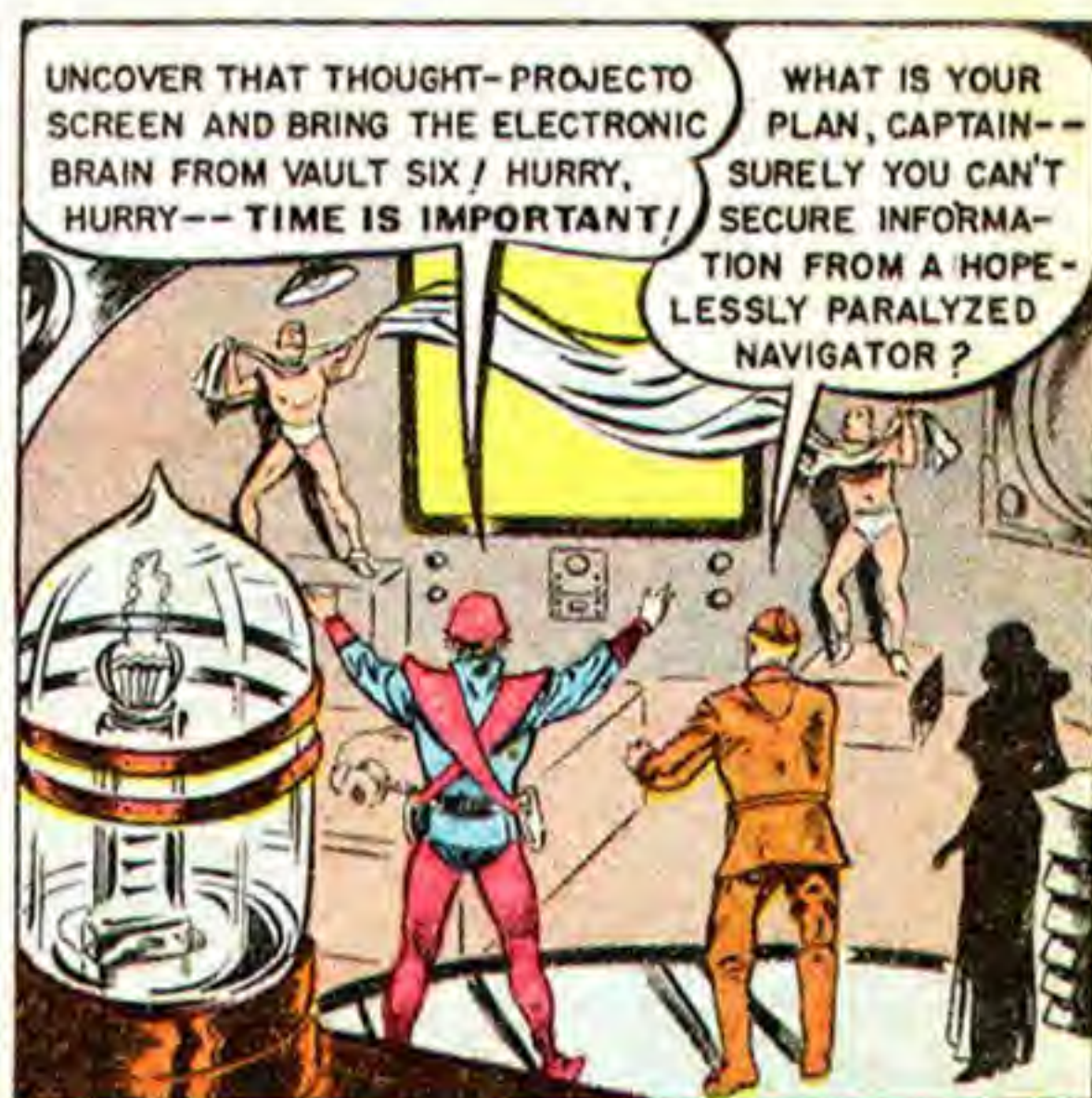
LOOK AT HIM! THAT FACE --- ALMOST AS IF HE'S STRUGGLING TO TRY TO TELL US SOMETHING!





YES, CAPTAIN, BUT NOT A SOUND COMES OUT! HE MUST FEEL HORRIBLE, SINCE HIS BRAIN IS QUITE ACTIVE! THAT WAS NOT AFFECTED!

YOU MEAN, HIS BRAIN IS NOT PARALYZED? QUICKLY, DR. FRAK, ASSEMBLE YOUR TECHNICIANS. I HAVE SOMETHING THAT MAY WORK!



UNCOVER THAT THOUGHT-PROJECTO SCREEN AND BRING THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN FROM VAULT SIX! HURRY, HURRY-- TIME IS IMPORTANT!

WHAT IS YOUR PLAN, CAPTAIN-- SURELY YOU CAN'T SECURE INFORMATION FROM A HOPELESSLY PARALYZED NAVIGATOR?



REMEMBER THAT NEW EXPERIMENT OF MINE, ARGO? I'VE GOT TO TRY IT. SINCE THE LIVE BRAIN CELLS HAVE NOT BEEN AFFECTED BY THE PARA-RAYS, THEY CAN CARRY THOUGHT IMPULSES THROUGH THIS RETRO-VISION HIGH FREQUENCY!

YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO USE IT ON THIS MAN'S THOUGHTS? SUPPOSE IT FAILS, CAPTAIN. THE SHOCK MAY KILL HIM!



IT WORKED BEFORE, ARGO-- WITH CONTROLLED SUBJECTS. THIS CASE MAY PROVE MORE DIFFICULT, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!

I ONLY HOPE WE CAN SEE THE ACTUAL VISION OF HIS THOUGHTS THROUGH THESE MICRO-WAVE VISORS!



LOOK, ARGO-- HIS THOUGHTS, COMING CLEARER ON THE SCREEN... WHY, IT'S A GAMBLING DIVE OF SOME SORT!

GREAT ZEUS! IT'S WORKING, CAPTAIN! WAIT, I KNOW THAT PLACE-- THE JET TRAILERS CAFE! MOST OF THE SPACE CARGO PILOTS FLOCK THERE!



ZONDRA, WHY-- YOU'VE LOST!

YES, TOO BAD! I LOSE MY FAVORITE FIRE-GEM TO THIS--THIS NAVIGATOR! HAVE ANOTHER PLAY, SUCKER?



ER, NO! I-I'VE GOT TO GET ALONG! MY CRUISER LEAVES IN FIFTY MINOS!



WONDERFUL, CAPTAIN! YOUR MACHINE IS DRAWING THE VICTIMS PAST AND REFLECTING IT UPON THAT SCREEN! BUT WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?

HOLD ON—THERE ARE MORE IMPULSES COMING UP, ARGO! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED AFTER HIS SPACE SHIP TOOK OFF!



PILOT-TO-NAVIGATOR-- GIVE ME A BEARING ON COURSE! THIS STUFF HAS GOT TO GET THROUGH TO VENUS!

NAVIGATOR-TO-PILOT-- COURSE AT X ZENITH, AZIMUTH 2YZ... F TANGENT, OFF COURSE-- HIGH METEORITE PRESSURES...



STRANGE! THAT COURSE BEARING WASN'T... OH, I FEEL QUEER, EVERYTHING GOING AROUND, REELING! WAIT SOMETHING IS HAPPENING! THE SHIP IS TREMBLING!



FORWARD HULL TO PILOT! THERE'S A HUGE VORTEX IN OUR PATH, PULLING US TOWARD IT WITH SOME SORT OF RAYS! OVER!

IMPOSSIBLE! THAT'S THE SARGASSO! A WHIRLPOOL OF COMETS AND METEORS! I MUST CONTACT THE NAVIGATOR--- WE'RE TEN THOUSAND KILOSECS OFF COURSE!



BUT SUDDENLY...

THE SHIP'S OUT OF CONTROL! I... OHH! SHOCK--HIT ME... BUT I'LL GET FREE IN THIS SLED, I... AAHHHH!



THAT'S ODD, ARGO, EVERY ASTRONAVIGATOR KNOWS THE SARGASSO OF THE VOID! YET, HOW IN THE WORLD COULD THAT CRUISER GO SO FAR OFF COURSE?

PERHAPS A PRESSURE AREA HAS SHIFTED, CAPTAIN-- OR THERE MAY BE SOME FORCE PULLING THE SHIPS OFF COURSE!



NO, ARGO-- OUR ANSWER ISN'T IN THEORIZING ABOUT NAVIGATION. WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING DEFINITE, AND I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MAY WORK. NOW LISTEN TO ME, CAREFULLY...

LATER, AT THE JET TRAILERS CAFE, THE ASSORTED SPECIMENS OF SPACEMEN HAVE GATHERED AT THE GAMING TABLES--AND NOW AS THE RADIONIC GAMBLING DEVICES CLICK AND WHIRR...



YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO! AND SINCE MY SHIP IS DUE TO TAKE OFF SOON, WE'LL MAKE IT A FAST PLAY, M'AM! THERE, A THOUSAND DOLEN SAYS I'M LUCKY!



BEAT YUH, THREE STRAIGHT, M'AM! YOU WANT TO GO AGAIN?

I NEVER QUIT WHEN THINGS GROW A LITTLE HOT, STRANGER! I HAVE NO MORE CASH, BUT I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER. LET'S PLAY!



TOO BAD! I LOSE MY FAVORITE GEM! BUT THAT'S GAMBLING, EH, SUCKER?

I'VE WON THIS PRETTY THING? IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



LATER... YES, ARGO, MY LITTLE ROLE OF A BEARDED STRANGER WENT OVER PRETTY WELL. SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING THESE MISSING SPACERS TIE IN SOME WAY WITH THIS ZONDRA AND THAT FIRE-GEM!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW? WHY--IT'S THE FIRE-GEM!

YES, AND A CLOSER LOOK AT IT THROUGH THE ATOMIC MICROSCOPE SHOULD TELL ME A FEW THINGS ALSO. BY JUPITER, IT SHINES WITH A BRILLIANCE I'VE NEVER BEFORE SEEN!



THEN THE POWERFUL LENS OF CAPTAIN ROCKET'S MICROSCOPE REVEALS GLARING, FLASHING FIRES OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN... STRANGE HYPNOTIC LIGHTS THAT FASCINATE FROM BEHIND A VEIL OF MISTS...



LATER, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE SPACE VORTEX
--THE HIDEOUT OF ZONDRA IN SARGASSO. . .

DO YOU THINK THAT SPACE
FREIGHTER LUNA GLOW
WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY,
ZONDRA?

I'M SURE OF IT, JAVOS!
PREPARE THE GRAPPLE
RAYS, WHILE I ATTEND
TO MY HYPNO-REFLECTOR
BEAM!



PAH! THAT BEARDED FOOL
PLAYED RIGHT INTO OUR
LITTLE GAME, EH?

THEY ALL DO! WE NEED
THAT EQUIPMENT TO MINE
THE ATOLENE OURSELVES
AND LET THE EARTH COUNCILS
GO HANG!



YES, WITH THIS HAUL FROM THE LUNA GLOW, WE CAN
REALLY START OPERATING! WE'LL HAVE THOSE
EARTHLING'S BEGGING US FOR THE VITAL FUEL. OKAY,
BOYS, REFLECTO-BEAM ON...



MEANWHILE, AT CAPTAIN ROCKET'S JET-LAUNCHER...

I'M TAKING A LONG CHANCE, ARGO--
BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME MY CAL-
CULATIONS ARE CORRECT. NOW,
YOU FOLLOWED MY INSTRUCTIONS
TO THE LETTER?

YES, CAPTAIN!
BUT SUPPOSE
YOUR THEORY
ABOUT SARGASSO
IS NOT CORRECT!



ARGO, NO ONE QUESTIONS MY
CALCULATIONS! I MAY BE RIGHT OR
I MAY BE WRONG--BUT I'M GOING
THROUGH WITH THIS PLAN OF
MINE!

FOOLHARDY BRAVERY,
CAPTAIN--YET I ADMIRE
YOU FOR IT! BUT CAN'T
I GO WITH YOU--AS A
SORT OF PROTECTION?



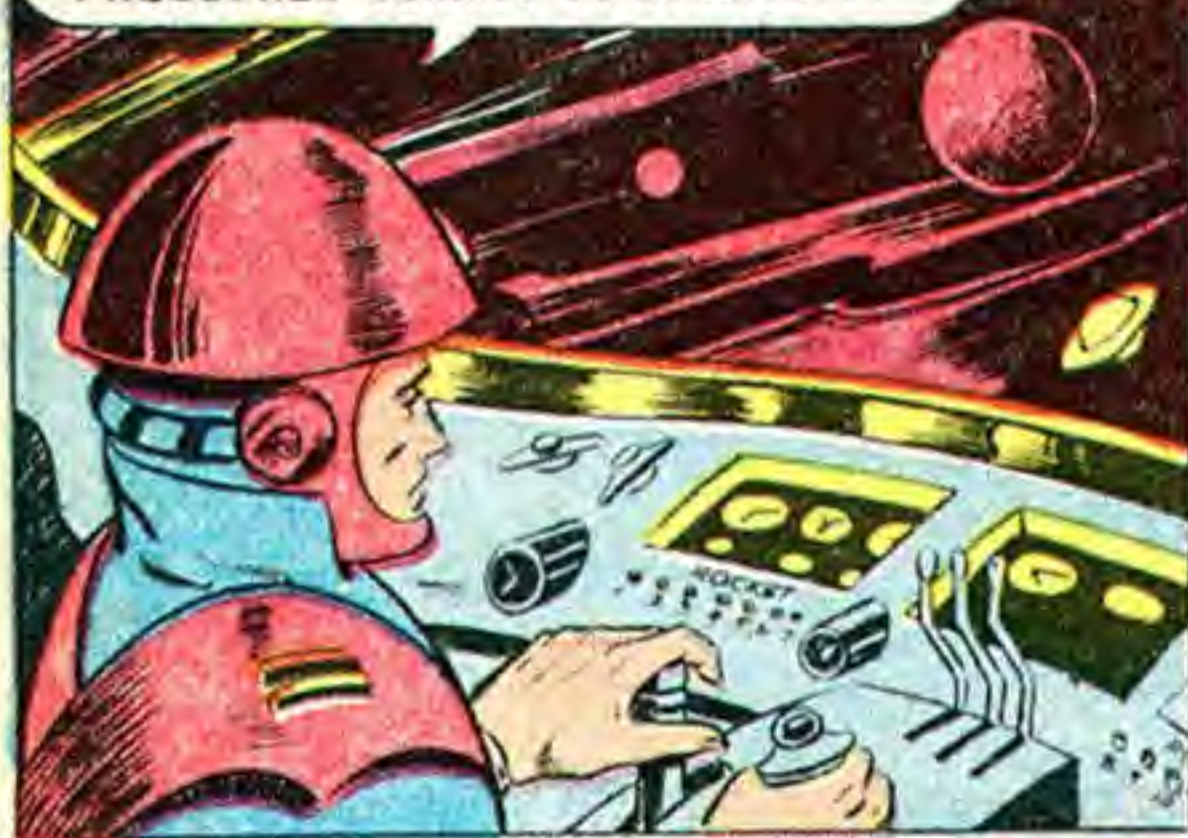
NO, ARGO, I CAN'T ENDANGER
YOUR LIFE, TOO! IF I SUC-
CEED, EARTH SHALL CONTINUE
TO GET NEEDED ATOLENE. IF
I FAIL, I'LL BE LOST--SOME-
WHERE IN THE SARGASSO OF
SPACE! FAREWELL!



THEN, THE TAIL JETS SPEW FLAME
AND THUNDER, AS CAPTAIN ROCKET
ZOOMS OFF INTO SPACE ON A MIS-
SION THAT SPELLS LIFE OR DEATH
FOR EARTH!

SOON...MILES ABOVE EARTH...

NOW I SHOULD BE ABOUT WHERE THE OTHER FREIGHTER WAS, WHEN THEY GOT OFF COURSE. LET ME SEE, X ZENITH, AZIMUTH 2YZ...WAIT--METEOR PRESSURES COMING IN STRONG...



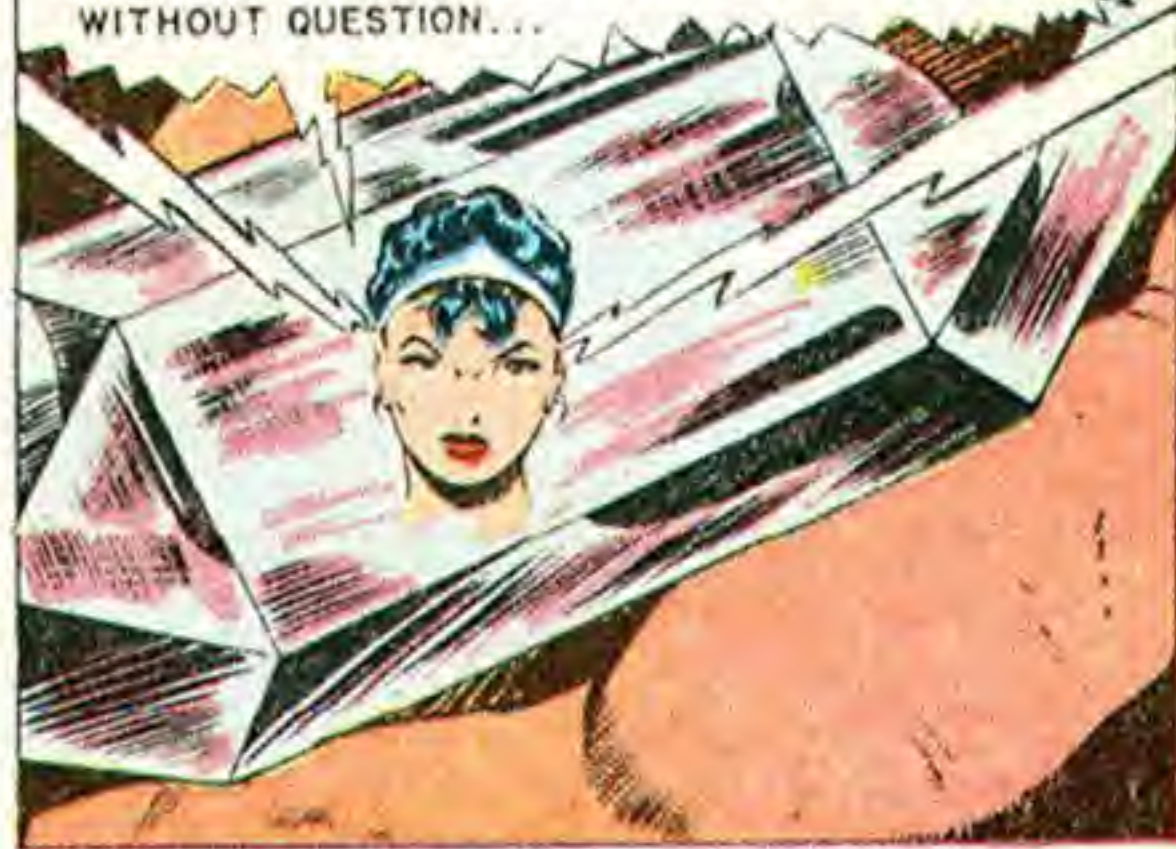
NOW FOR THE PAYOFF... THERE, I'VE BROUGHT THE FIRE-GEM INTO MY RANGE OF SIGHT. WAIT, WHAT IN THE NAME OF LUNA IS THIS?



THE MISTS--TH--THEY'VE DISAPPEARED / ONLY THE LIGHT, THE BRILLIANT FLASHING LIGHT AND... WAIT, SOMETHING IS FORMING IN THE CENTER OF THE GEM...



AHOY, NAVIGATOR OF THE LUNA GLOW... THIS IS ZONDRA... YOU REMEMBER ME... YOU WON THIS FROM ME AT THE JET TRAILERS! LISTEN CAREFULLY--YOU WILL CHANGE COURSE TO ONE I GIVE YOU... YOU WILL FOLLOW MY ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION...



AS, AT SARGASSO...

...CHANGE COORDINATES TO 3Y9--TANGENT 4F... THE VORTEX PRESSURES OF SARGASSO WILL NOT AFFECT YOU. YOUR SHIP WILL COME RIGHT ON IN...



THEN...

IT IS DONE! THE LUNA GLOW IS AS GOOD AS OURS! WELL, SPACE RATS--HOW DO YOU LIKE ZONDRA NOW. MORE FISH FOR YOUR CAGE!

YOU'RE A DEVIL, ZONDRA! LET US GO, WHY KEEP US HERE IN THIS RAY PRISON! WE'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO YOU!

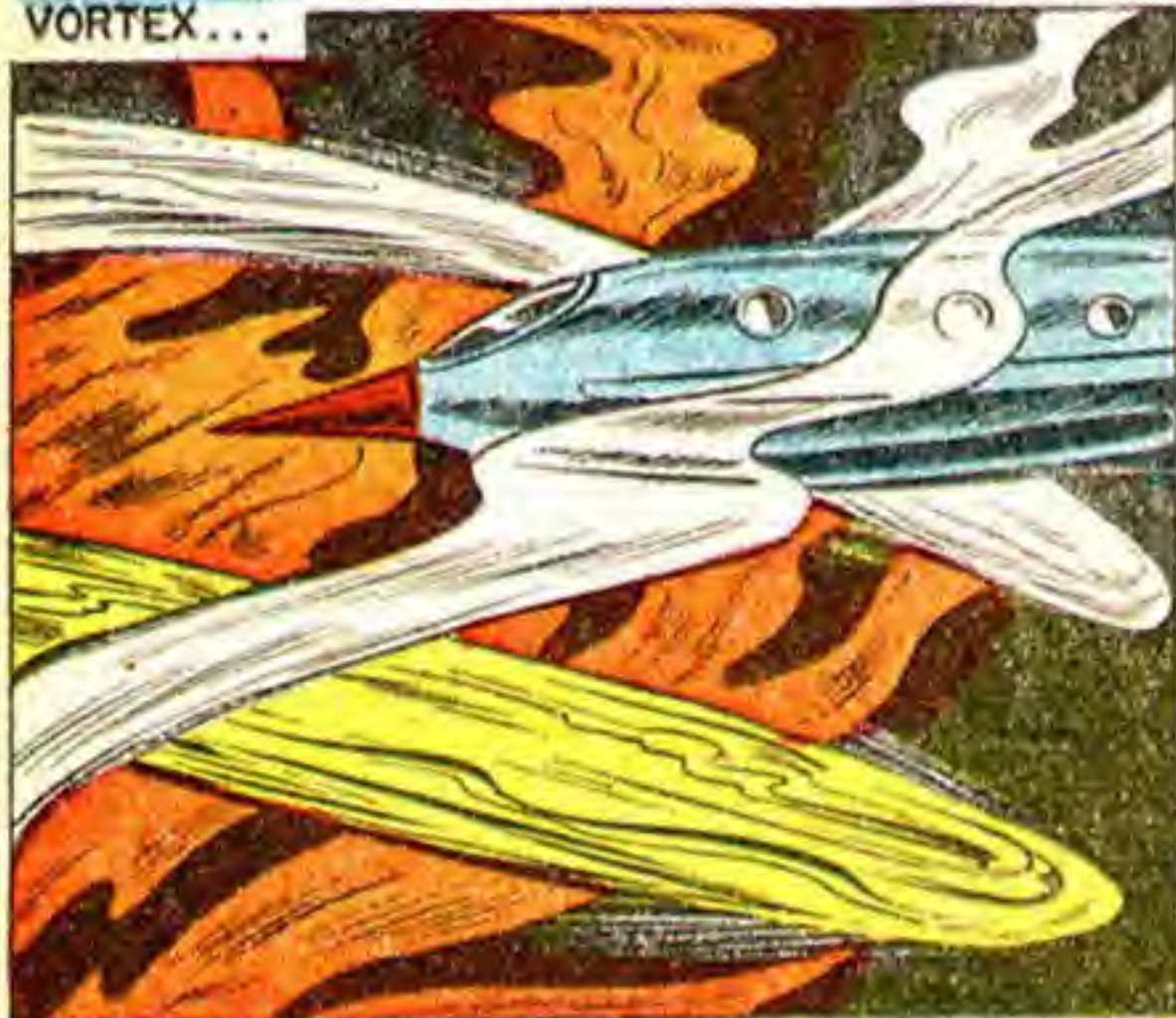


ZONDRA! THE SIGNO-IMPULSORS FLASHING--OUR RADARSCOPE HAS CONTACTED THE LUNA GLOW! IT SHOULD BE HERE IN A FEW MINOS!

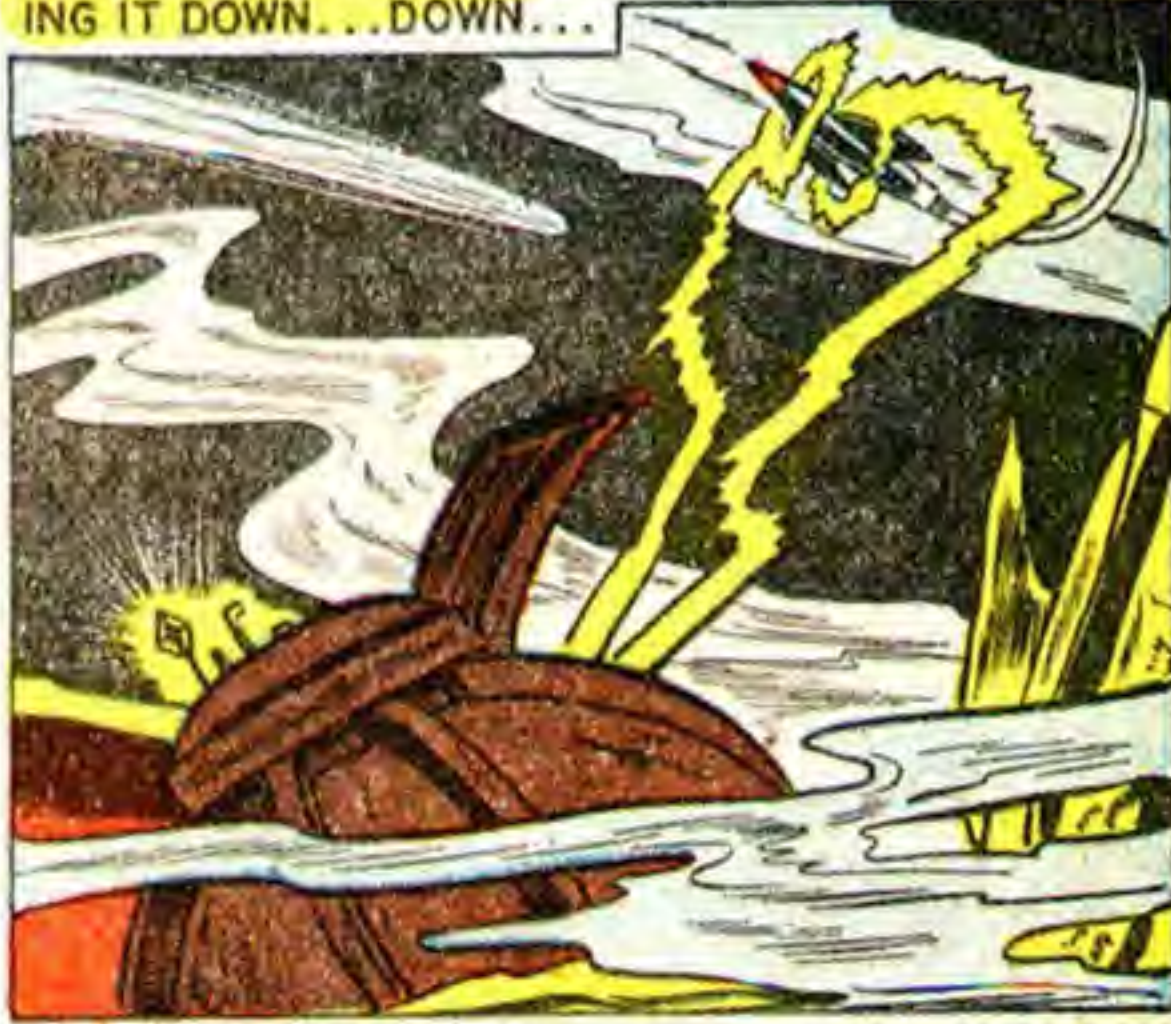
GOOD! PREPARE TO SHOOT A FORCE BEAM THROUGH THE METEORS FOR IT TO GLIDE IN ON!



SOON, CAPTAIN ROCKET'S SPACE SHIP IS CAUGHT IN THE FLUX AND FLOW OF THE WHIRLING VORTEX...



INSTANTLY, GRAPPLE RAYS FLASH OUT OF THE ASTRO-GLOOM AND ENCIRCLE THE SHIP-- PULLING IT DOWN...DOWN...



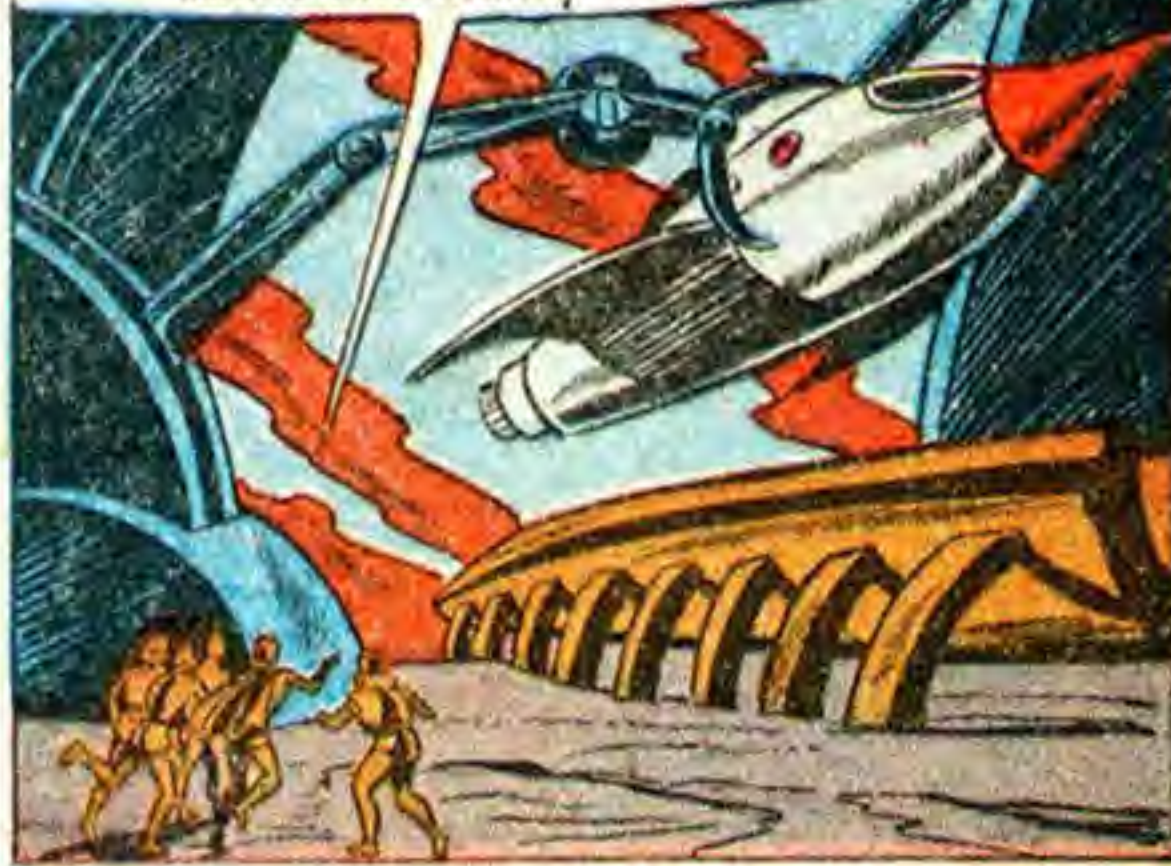
AS... LOOK, ZONDRA-- WE'VE BROUGHT 'ER DOWN! GREAT SATURN! THAT FIRE-GEM OF YOURS IS WONDERFUL!

AND PROFITABLE, TOO! USE THE MECO-ARMS TO BRING IT IN!



THEN, AS STEELITE ARMS GRAB THE SPACER...

SET IT IN THE BERTH, MEN! THE LUNA GLOW, ALL RIGHT-- AND I'LL BET SHE'S LOADED WITH MINING MACHINERY!



AND IT'S ALL OURS! WITH THIS HAUL, MEN-- WE CAN MAKE OUR OWN TERMS WITH EARTH! THEY'LL PAY WELL FOR THE ATOLENE WE'LL GET ON VENUS!

SHE'S BERTHED, ZONDRA! LET'S GET IT!



STAND BACK, ZONDRA-- THIS ELECTRO-CROW BAR IS SNAPPING THE HATCH, AND...

WAIT, JAVOS! DON'T OPEN IT! I SMELL A TRICK... LOOK OUT!



AND SUDDENLY...

THAT FIGURE--IT-IT'S CAPTAIN ROCKET! BLAST HIM DOWN!

CAPTAIN ROCKET? I'LL GET HIM!





THE SURPRISE IS OVER. I'D BETTER WORK FAST, BEFORE ONE OF THOSE BLAST RAYS SWATS ME LIKE A MOSQUITO!

HE TRICKED ME! CAPTAIN ROCKET WAS THAT BEARDED STRANGER AT THE CAFE! ZEUS! I'VE MISSED HIM!



THERE! BY DEPRESSING THAT BUTTON, THEY'RE IN FOR ANOTHER SURPRISE!



SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, THEN...

PARA-GAS! WE'RE HELPLESS!

CURSE YOU, CAPTAIN ROCKET! I'LL GET...
OOHHH!



GOOD, THE GAS WORKED ON THEM... THEY'RE PASSING OUT! GOOD THING I WORE THIS PLASTINE HELMET AND THIS POWER CHUTE!



AND SOON...

WE'RE FREE! CAPTAIN ROCKET HAS FREED US FROM ZONDRA!

GATHER YOUR STUFF, MEN--WE'LL TAKE EVERY AVAILABLE SPACE SHIP AND LOAD THEM WITH THE STOLEN MINING MACHINERY! A COUPLE OF YOU GET THOSE SPACE PIRATES INTO THE BRIG! EARTH WILL ENJOY TRYING THEM!

THEN, FOLLOWING CAPTAIN ROCKET'S COMMANDS THE GRATEFUL SPACEMEN LOAD ON THE EQUIPMENT AND THE PIRATE GANG, AND AFTER A QUICK STUDY OF THE ROUTE OUT OF THE SARGASSO, THE STRANGE FLEET TAKES OFF... AND SOON...

BRAKE FLAPS OUT... NORMAL GLIDE... CUT POWER--WE'RE NEARING EARTH NOW. WE'LL HEAD IN FOR MY OWN LANDING AREA!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN ROCKET! I'VE ALREADY CONTACTED ARGO. SHE'LL MEET US THERE!



SOON, BACK IN CAPTAIN ROCKET'S LABORATORY...

YOU WERE RIGHT! BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE NOT TO FALL UNDER HER SPELL, CAPTAIN?

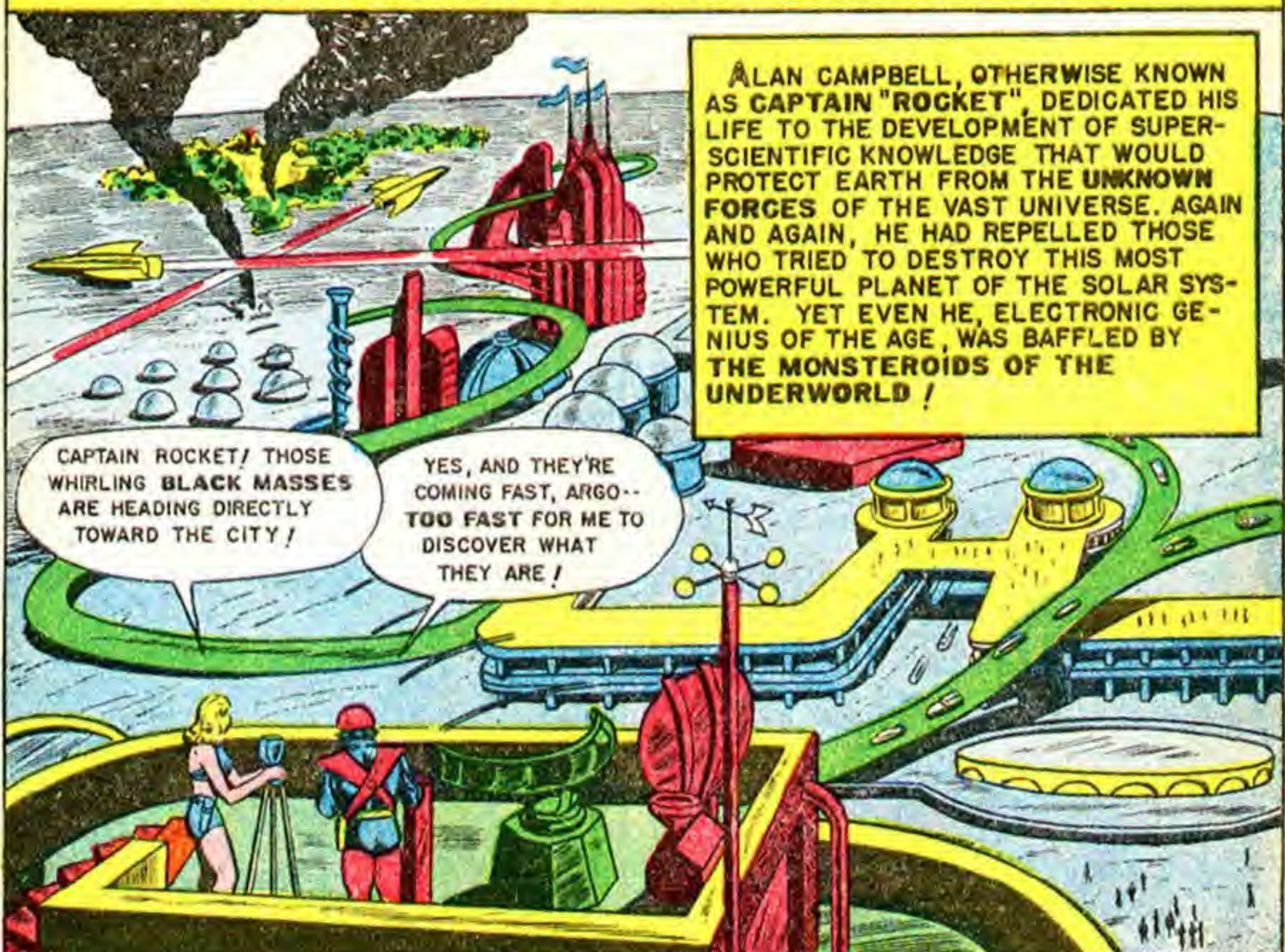
YOU FORGET THAT ANTI-HYPNO BAND I DEVELOPED, ARGO! SHE HAD NO INFLUENCE OVER ME WHATSOEVER! THAT PLUS A POWER CHUTE AND THE CYLINDERS YOU FILLED WITH PARA-GAS FOR ME... THOSE THINGS DEFEATED ZONDRA OF SARGASSO!

THE END



Captain ROCKET

MONSTEROIDS OF THE UNDERWORLD



ALAN CAMPBELL, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS CAPTAIN "ROCKET", DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUPER-SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE THAT WOULD PROTECT EARTH FROM THE UNKNOWN FORCES OF THE VAST UNIVERSE. AGAIN AND AGAIN, HE HAD REPELLED THOSE WHO TRIED TO DESTROY THIS MOST POWERFUL PLANET OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. YET EVEN HE, ELECTRONIC GENIUS OF THE AGE, WAS BAFFLED BY THE MONSTEROIDS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

CAPTAIN ROCKET! THOSE WHIRLING **BLACK MASSES** ARE HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE CITY!

YES, AND THEY'RE COMING FAST, ARGO-- TOO FAST FOR ME TO DISCOVER WHAT THEY ARE!

IT'S THE STRANGEST THING, ARGO-- THEY STARTED WHIRLING UP OUT OF THE BOG IN THE SWAMP AREA... A SORT OF LIQUEFIED EARTH, AND... WHAT'S WRONG?

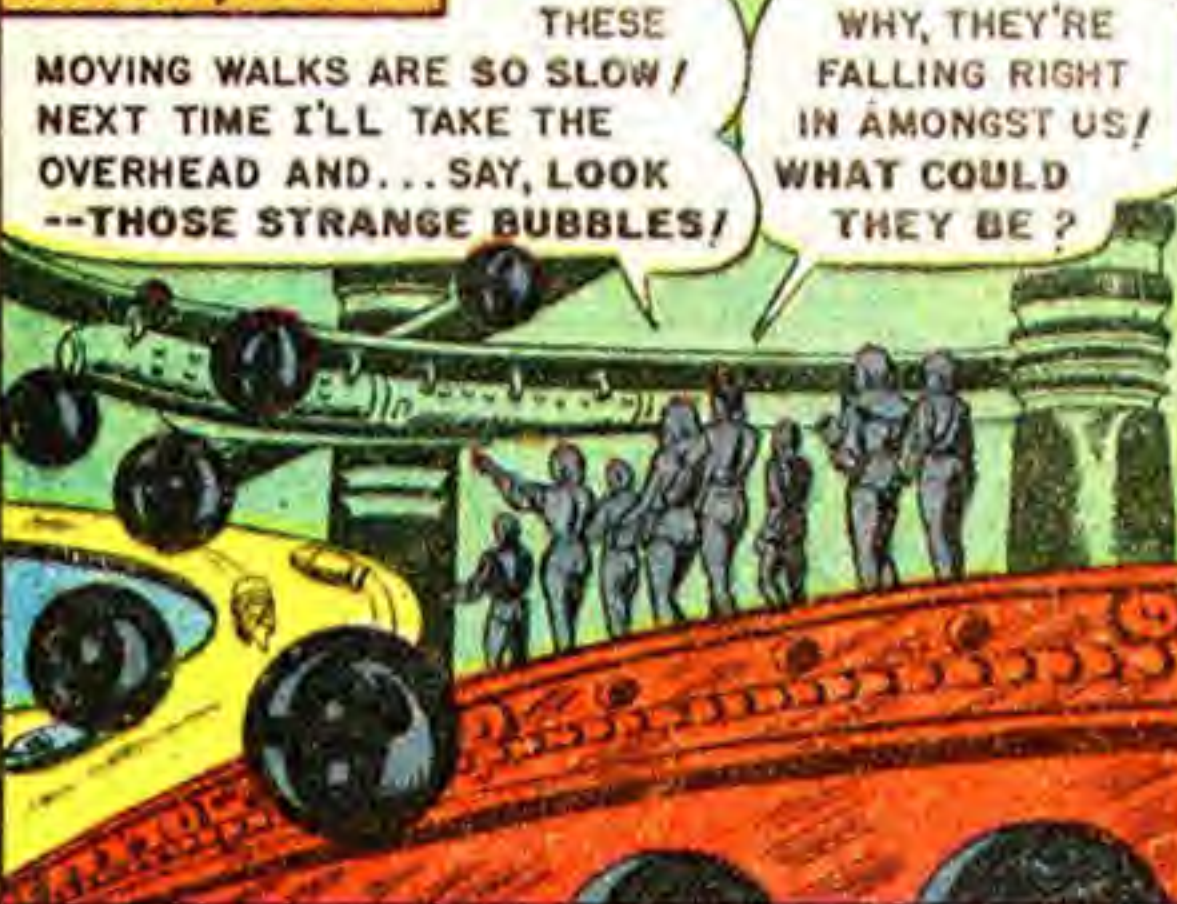
LOOK, IT'S GATHERING IN A HUGE CLOUD OVER THE CITY... IT APPEARS TO BE BREAKING UP INTO SMALLER PARTICLES!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

BLACK BUBBLES! AND THEY'RE DESCENDING DIRECTLY ON THE CITY! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS, CAPTAIN ROCKET?

I JUST CAN'T FATHOM IT, ARGO-- BUT COME, WE'LL GO BELOW TO THE LAB, MAKE OUR PRELIMINARY TESTS AND WAIT FOR RESULTS!

ONE MINUTE THE CAREFREE PEOPLE ARE HURRYING TO AND FRO IN LAND CARS, MOVING SIDEWALKS AND PUBLIC OVERHEADS; THEN, THE NEXT--THE FIRST TINGE OF TERROR IS FELT, AS...



THESE MOVING WALKS ARE SO SLOW! NEXT TIME I'LL TAKE THE OVERHEAD AND... SAY, LOOK --THOSE STRANGE BUBBLES!

WHY, THEY'RE FALLING RIGHT IN AMONGST US! WHAT COULD THEY BE?

THEY'RE BLACK, AND... WAIT-- THEY'RE STARTING TO BREAK!

THERE'S A STRANGE ODOR COMING FROM THEM-- THEY...

OH! I-I FEEL FAINT... I... LOOK, THAT MAN...



QUEER FEELING GOING THROUGH ME... I--I... WHY, I'M CHANGING INTO SOMETHING, I... HELP ME, SOMEONE... HELP ME!



MEANWHILE, AT THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP...

AH, GORGO-- THE BUBBLES HAVE REACHED THE CITY AND ARE CREATING THEIR FIRST EFFECTS, SIRE! SHALL WE RETURN BELOW?

NOT YET! I HAVE ANOTHER JOB TO DO, VAGA!



SECONDS LATER, MONSTEROIDS, ONCE HUMAN, RUN BESERK IN THE STREETS... SMASHING, SCREAMING, STAMPEDING...



TO VISIT THE UPPER CRUST OF EARTH WITHOUT LEAVING OUR CALLING CARD IS NOT THE WAY GORGO OPERATES! HAVE YOU CONTACTED THE EARTHLING OFFICIALS YET, VAGA?

I HAVE THEM NOW, SIRE! YOU MAY TALK!



BREETINGS TO EARTH FROM GORGO! HO, YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT IS HAPPENING IN YOUR CITY STREETS, EARTHLING?

YES, WE HAVE SEEN! IT IS HORRIBLE... WHO, IN THE NAME OF THE UNIVERSE, ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS DEVILISH THING YOU ARE DOING?



AS, AT SECURITY COUNCIL HQ...

WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN IS JUST A TASTE OF THE REAL THING TO COME, EARTHLINGS! CALL IT DEVILISH, OR WHAT YOU WILL -- IT IS THE REVENGE OF GORGU! REMEMBER WELL THE NAME!

HE'S FADING...
SIGNING OFF!
LISTEN--OUTSIDE!



EVEN OUR POLICE FORCES
CAN NOT HOLD THEM!
THEY'VE BECOME
FIENDS!

WE'D BETTER CONTACT
CAPTAIN "ROCKET"
IMMEDIATELY! HE MAY
KNOW THIS GORGU, AND
WHERE HE COMES FROM!
QUICKLY, BEFORE THE
THING SPREADS!



**INSTANTLY, THE TELEVON COMMUNICATIONS
ARE BUZZING WITH ACTIVITY...**

CALLING CAPTAIN "ROCKET"! CAPTAIN
"ROCKET"! COME IN, CAPTAIN "ROCKET"...
22Q... 22Q... EMERGENCY TO CAPTAIN
"ROCKET"! WAIT, I'M RAISING HIM NOW!

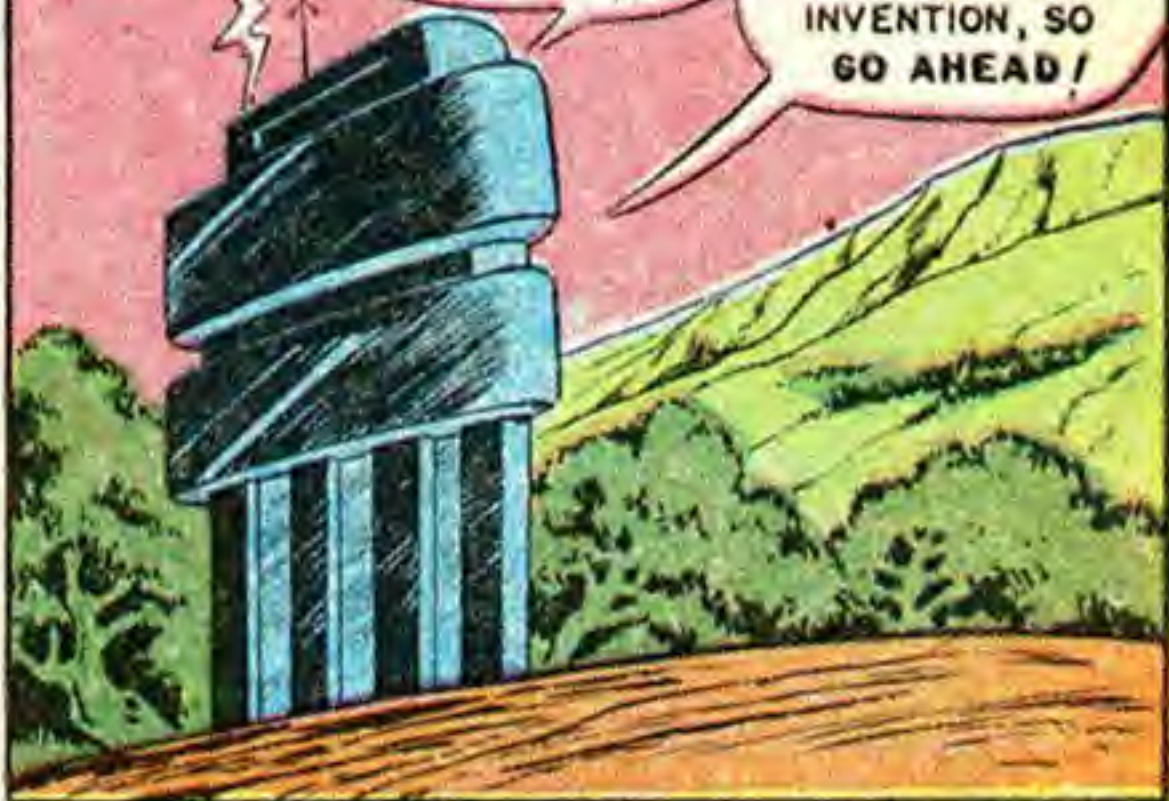


AS, AT CAPTAIN "ROCKET'S" LABORATORY...

COME IN,
CAPTAIN
"ROCKET"...

THERE'S THE
TELEVON NOW,
CAPTAIN, SHALL I
ANSWER IT?

YES, ARGO,
I'M PUTTING
THE FINISHING
TOUCH ON THIS
INVENTION, SO
GO AHEAD!



DR. ARGO--QUICKLY... IS
CAPTAIN "ROCKET" THERE? HAS
HE SEEN WHAT IS HAPPENING?
THOSE BLACK BUBBLES... CAUSED
BY SOMEONE NAMED
GORGU... CHANGING
PEOPLE INTO
MONSTEROIDS!

YES, WE
KNEW SOME-
THING WAS
WRONG, BUT WE
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT.
I'LL TELL HIM AT
ONCE,
SIR!



HMMM... NOW THE DYNA-RAY TO
PROCESS THIS BELT AND...
HO, ARGO
WHAT'S
WRONG?

THE SECURITY
COUNCIL, CAPTAIN--
SOMETHING IN THOSE
BUBBLES THAT CAUSES
PEOPLE TO TURN INTO
MONSTEROIDS! HE MEN-
TIONED A
MAN NAMED
GORGU!



GORGU/ YES, I'VE HEARD OF
HIM. AS I RECALL--HE WAS THE
LEADER OF A RACE OF PEOPLE
WHO LIVE BENEATH THE EARTH'S
CRUST. BUT I'LL HAVE TO
REFRESH MYSELF ON HIM, SO
PREPARE THE VIZO-REFERENCE
MACHINE!



INSTANTLY, HIS ASSISTANT, ARGO GOES TO THE GREAT REFERENCE VAULT, REMOVES THE ELECTRON-MEMORY TUBES AND PLACES THEM IN THE VIZO-RECORDER, WHILE CAPT. "ROCKET" SEATS HIMSELF IN THE RECEIVING CHAIR...

ALL RIGHT, ARGO-- VIZO HELMET ON, RECIEVER READY...SWITCH IT ON!

YES, CAPTAIN, I'M STARTING WITH TUBE 1A, WHICH WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO ABOUT 1962! HERE WE GO!



THEN AS WORDS AND PICTURES FLASH INTO CAPTAIN "ROCKET'S" MIND...

SO, GORG-- YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR LAST ATOMIC BOMB ON NEW YORK!

WE'VE CAPTURED HIS MEN TOO, BRING THEM BEFORE THE GENERAL!

PAH! FOOLS, YOU WILL NEVER KILL ME!



"GORG'S WORDS WERE TRUE, FOR WHILE HE AND HIS MEN WERE LED TO THEIR EXECUTION..."

LOOK OUT, THEY'VE GOT GUNS, I... AHHHH!

NO, I SHALL NEVER DIE! AND ONE DAY I SHALL AVENGE THIS THING! FLEE MEN, FLEE TO THE SWAMP! THEY CAN NOT CATCH US THERE!



"GORG AND HIS KILLERS FOUND REFUGE IN THE SWAMPS WITH OTHER SLIMY CREATURES OF THE MUD, AND GRADUALLY THEY WORKED THEIR WAY BENEATH THE SURFACE OOZE AND ESTABLISHED A WORLD BELOW-- A WORLD OF TREACHEROUS, POISONOUS GASSES..."



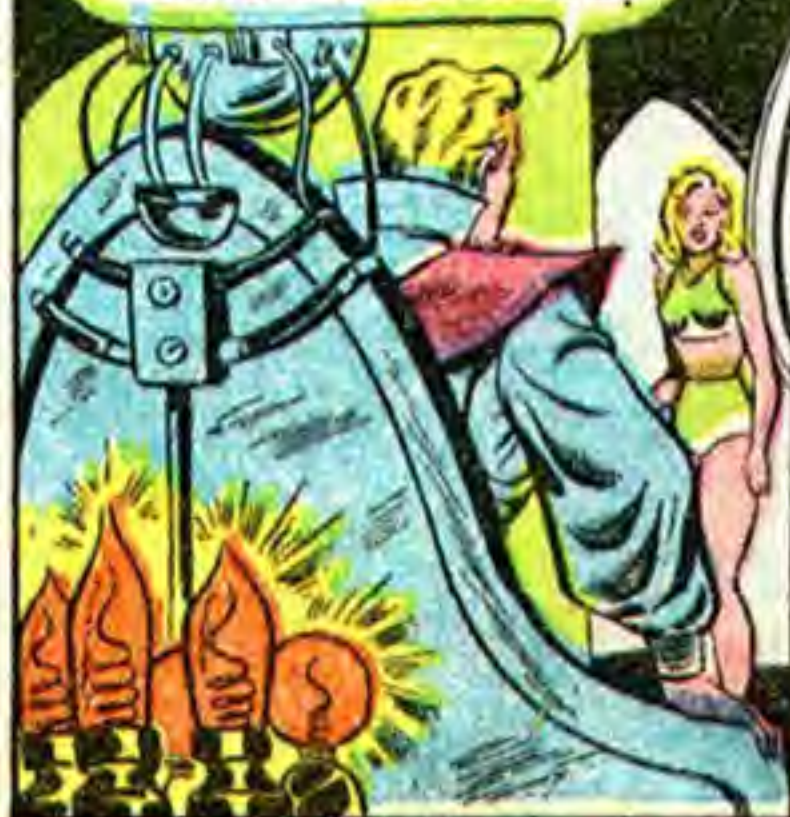
"BUT GORG WAS CLEVER, AND SOON HE FOUND A WAY TO FORCE THE GASSES BACK INTO SUBTERRANEAN CREVICES, AND FINALLY..."

EXCELLENT, MEN! THAT LOCK AND STEEL WALL WILL HOLD BACK THOSE GASSES FOR TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS!

YES, SIRE--AND WE SHALL HAVE SLAVES TO GUARD THEM WELL! FOR ONE DAY WE SHALL NEED IT TO ASCEND TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE!



THAT'S IT, ARGO! I THOUGHT I REMEMBERED THAT NAME-- GORG! I HAVE IT ALL NOW! THE GASSES MUST HAVE KEPT HIM ALIVE ALL THESE EONS, AND NOW HE PLANS HIS REVENGE!

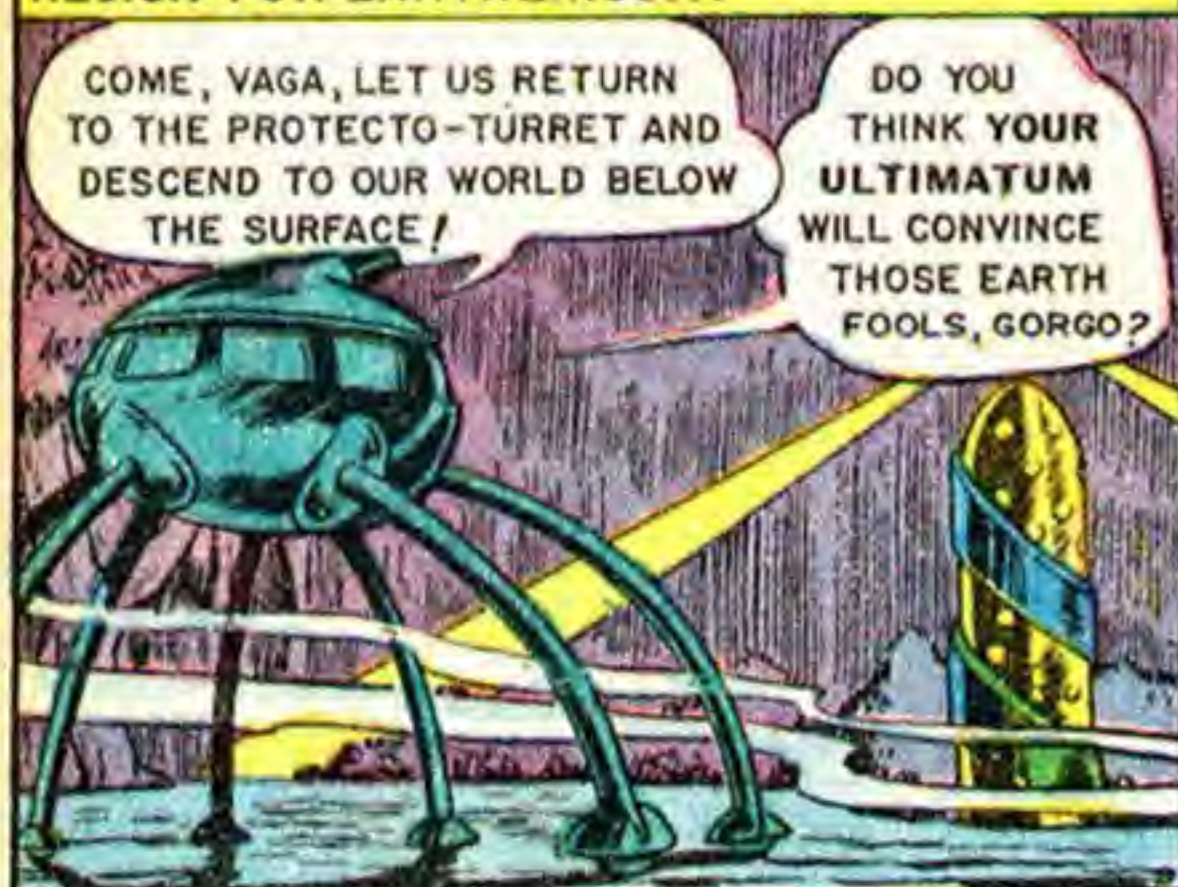


I'M GOING TO TRY THIS NEW INVENTION OF MINE, SO PUT ON ASBESTOS CLOTHES, ARGO! OPEN THE HATCH FOR THE ELEVATOR TO OUR SUB-LAB ON LEVEL 32...

YES, CAPTAIN! I CHECKED THE TERRAN BORER TWO WEEKS AGO! IT'S IN GOOD SHAPE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP AREA THE STRANGE-LOOKING SPIDER CAR WADDLES OVER THE SOFT OOZE TOWARD A STEELITE TURRET-- ITS DEATH RAYS SWEEPING THE REGION FOR EARTHLINGS...



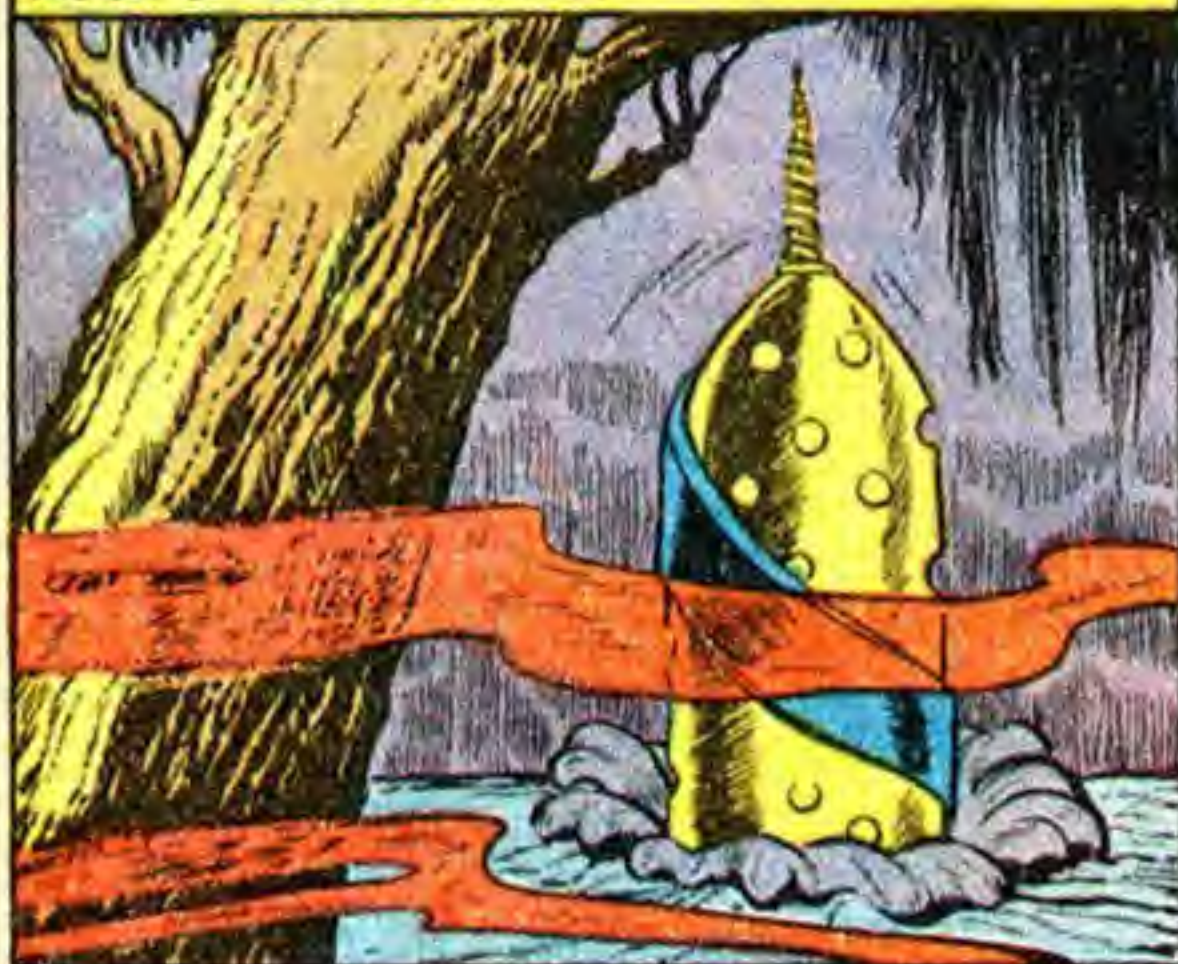
COME, VAGA, LET US RETURN TO THE PROTECTO-TURRET AND DESCEND TO OUR WORLD BELOW THE SURFACE!

DO YOU THINK YOUR ULTIMATUM WILL CONVINCE THOSE EARTH FOOLS, GORGO?

IF NOT, WE HAVE MORE BUBBLES AND MORE GAS WITH WHICH TO PERSUADE THEM. WE SHALL RETURN TO THE SURFACE AGAIN SOON... BUT LOOK, WE ARE ENTERING THE TURRET RAMP NOW!



SOON, THE GREAT PROTECTO-TURRET STARTS ITS DESCENT... SINKING INTO THE SOFT, OOZY MUCK OF THE SWAMP...



MEANWHILE, AT CAPTAIN "ROCKET'S" SUB LABORATORY...

HERE WE ARE, CAPTAIN-- BUT TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE?

MEN, ARGO-- MEN WITH AN EVIL PURPOSE! AND OUR JOB IS TO STOP THEM, IF WE CAN!



BUT WILL WE BE ABLE TO SURVIVE THOSE TERRIFIC PRESSURES AND GASSES, CAPTAIN? THE EXCESSIVE HEAT AND...

WE CAN ONLY HOPE MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, ARGO! WE MUST HAVE IMPLICIT FAITH IN THAT! COME, LET US GET IN AND GET STARTED!



SOON...

DECLINATOR SWITCH ON, HEAT STATS AND THERMO CONTROL READY. START THE ACTIVATOR LEVER, ARGO!

ON, CAPTAIN! SCREW AIM ZERO-ZERO DEGREES! LISTEN, THAT RUMBLING-- WE'RE OFF!



THEN, SLOWLY, THE WORM-LIKE BORER STARTS ON ITS LONG JOURNEY DOWN-- DIGGING DEEPER AND DEEPER THROUGH THE OUTER CRUSTS OF EARTH!



HOURS LATER, THE BORER IS PRESSING DEEPER TOWARD ITS MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION--ON THROUGH CLAY AND ROCK...



HEAT AND PRESSURE STATS RISING FAST, ARGO!

I'LL THROW ON THE SUB-COOLING SYSTEM, CAPTAIN! LOOK THESE INDICATOR DIALS ARE SPINNING CRAZILY!



GRAVITY IS ALMOST POINT ONE HUNDRED, ARGO! WE SHOULD BE HITTING OUR DESTINATION AT ANY MOMENT NOW! DEACCLIVATOR ON!

ON, CAPTAIN! I'VE CUT SCREW REV TO HALF SPEED, AND... WAIT! WE'RE BREAKING THROUGH SOMETHING!



CUT JETS... THEN OPEN THE PORT HATCH..WE'RE THERE, ARGO! KEEP YOUR HELMET ON TIGHT AND YOUR ASBESTOS SUIT CLOSED!

HATCH OPEN, SIR! I'LL GET THE COLD RAY TO PROTECT US FROM THE HEAT!



SOON...

KEEP SPRAYING THAT COLD LIGHT, ARGO-- OR WE'LL ROAST! SO FAR I HAVEN'T SEEN A THING, AND... WAIT! LET'S GO THIS WAY-- I THINK I SEE SOMETHING IN THE GLOOM THERE!



THIS IS THE GAS LOCK THEY BUILT TO HOLD BACK THE VAPORS! BUT IT MUST BE CONTROLLED FROM A CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS!

IF ONLY WE COULD OPEN IT NOW AND BE OFF...THAT WOULD SETTLE EVERYTHING! CAPTAIN, LISTEN--SOMEONE COMING THIS WAY!



MONSTEROIDS! MY BLASTER WILL ZAP THEM BACK INTO THE DARKNESS THEY'VE COME FROM!

NO, CAPTAIN! IT HAS NO EFFECT ON THEM AT ALL! WE'RE DOOMED!



THEN, WITH UNLEASHED FURY.

IT'S NO USE, ARGO! THEY ARE TOO MANY! DON'T FIGHT THEM!

AAARGH! BRING THESE INTRUDERS TO OUR HIGH MASTER, GORGO!

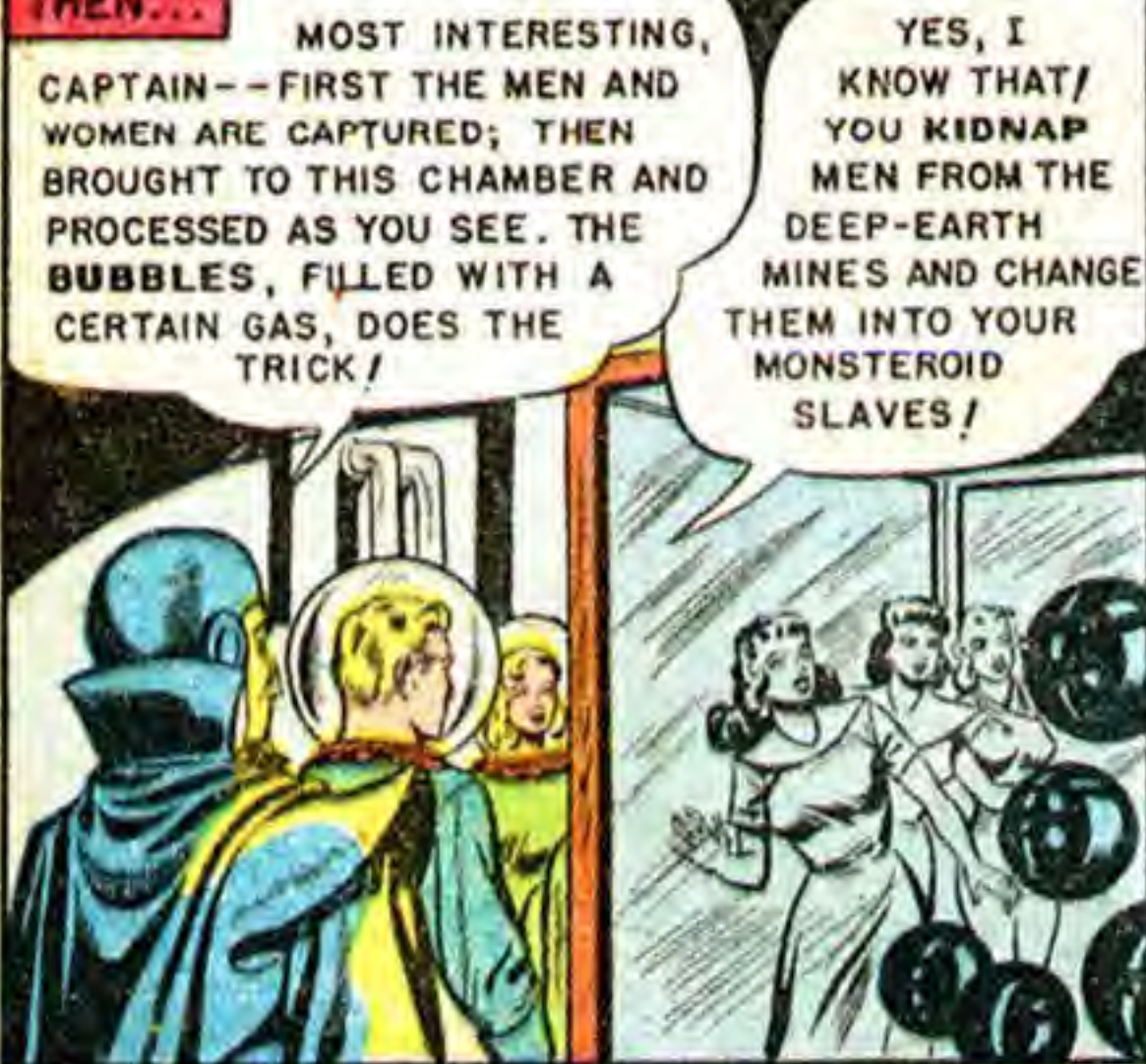
SWIFTLY, CAPTAIN ROCKET AND DR. ARGO ARE HURRIED THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD GLOOM, THEN LATER IN THE CHAMBERS OF THE HIGH MASTER...



YES, AND I KNOW YOU, ONLY TOO WELL, CAPTAIN "ROCKET"! BUT BEFORE PROCESSING YOU INTO ONE OF OUR MONSTEROID SLAVES, I SHALL SHOW YOU HOW WE WORK!



THEN...



HOW RIGHT, BUT THEN THE GREAT CAPTAIN ROCKET KNOWS ALL, AND SEES ALL/ BUT NOW, FOR STEP NUMBER TWO!

NO HOPE! THIS FIEND WILL PROCESS US, TOO, AND... WAIT-- THE GAS LOCK CONTROL... IF I COULD GET TO IT...



YOU SHALL WITNESS YOUR OWN ASSISTANT BEING PROCESSED FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN INTO ONE OF MY HORROR-SLAVES/ GUARDS, TAKE HER!



ARGGH/ WH-WHAT IS HAPPENING?

CAPTAIN "ROCKET"-- DISAPPEARING BEFORE OUR EYES/ SEIZE HIM!



THEN, A LOUD ELECTRIC BUZZING SOUND AND ONLY EMPTY AIR WHERE CAPTAIN ROCKET ONCE STOOD...





HE'S UP TO ONE OF HIS TRICKS/ STAND ASIDE, I'LL MELT HIM INTO A MASS OF FAT!



BUT...

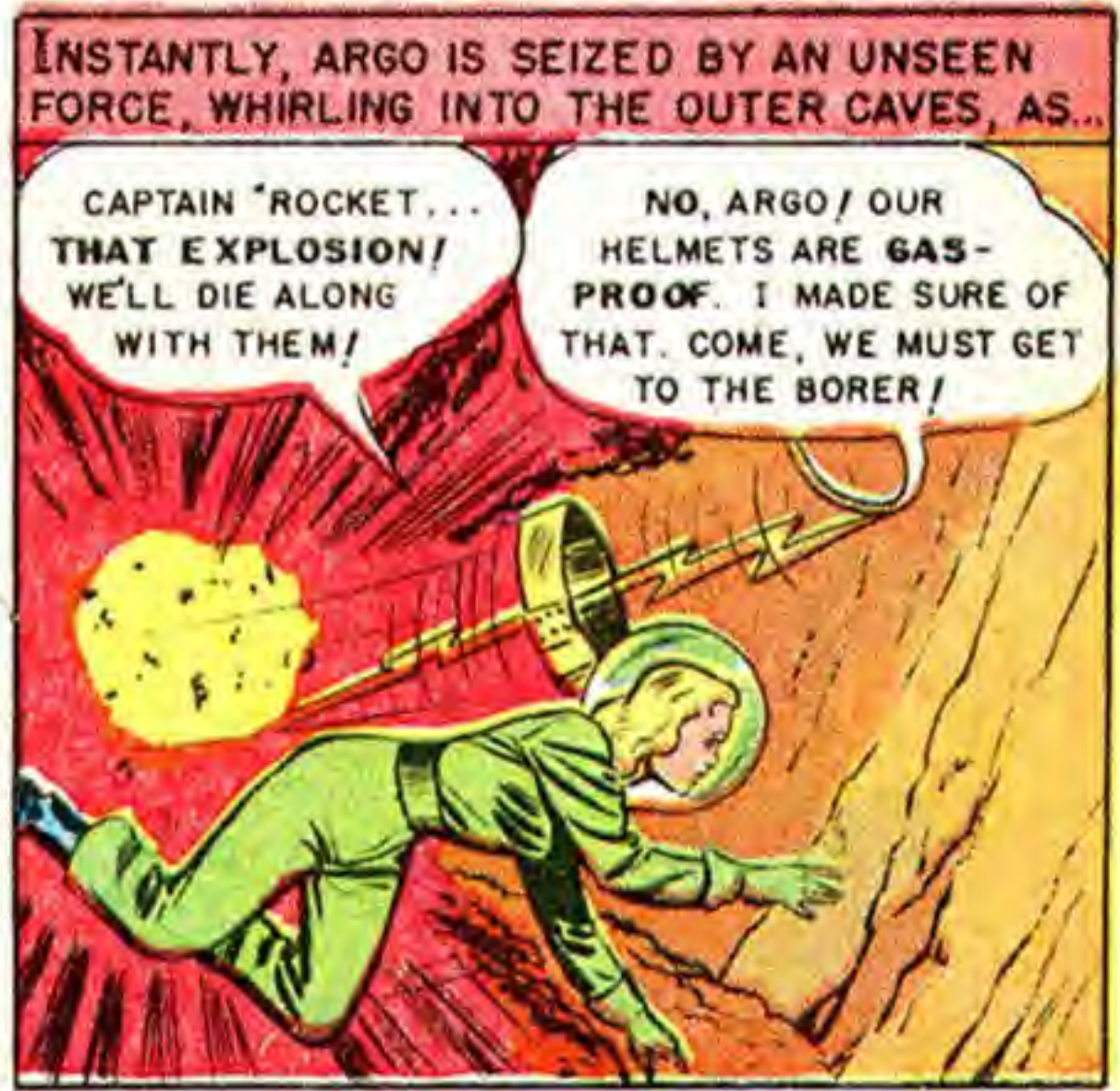
NOW, CAPTAIN "ROCKET" I... OH/ STOP HIM SOMEONE. STOP HIM!

THEIR BLASTERS, ARGO-- GET THEM, QUICKLY!



LOOK, THE GAS-LOCK CONTROL WHEEL IS OPENING... THE GAS/ WE'LL DIE, DIE...

STAND BY FOR A QUICK PICK UP, ARGO!



INSTANTLY, ARGO IS SEIZED BY AN UNSEEN FORCE, WHIRLING INTO THE OUTER CAVES, AS...

CAPTAIN "ROCKET"... THAT EXPLOSION/ WE'LL DIE ALONG WITH THEM!

NO, ARGO/ OUR HELMETS ARE GAS-PROOF. I MADE SURE OF THAT. COME, WE MUST GET TO THE BORER!



LATER, AS THE BORER APPROACHES THE EARTH'S SURFACE...

WHEW! A CLOSE CALL, CAPTAIN/ IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU MATERIALIZED AGAIN/ BUT THAT BELT YOU INVENTED CERTAINLY WAS HANDY!

YES, ARGO, AND I HAD AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO TEST IT!



SOON...

CAPTAIN "ROCKET" REPORTING, SIR/ MY ASSISTANT AND I DESCENDED TO THE LEVEL OF THE UNDERWORLD AND I DON'T THINK WE WILL BE TROUBLED ANYMORE WITH BLACK BUBBLES OR MONSTEROIDS!

SO, IT WAS A REVENGE PLOT BY GORGO, EH? WELL, EARTH WILL CERTAINLY THANK YOU, CAPTAIN "ROCKET." I'LL FLASH THE NEWS!



LATER, AT CAPTAIN "ROCKET'S" LABORATORY...

WELL, THAT'S THAT, ARGO/ WE'LL PUT THIS BELT IN MY VAULT AND KEEP IT FOR FUTURE USE!

YES, CAPTAIN-- AND WE CAN ALSO CLOSE THE FILE ON ONE, GORGO AND HIS MONSTEROIDS!

THE END

CAPTAIN ROCKET MEETS THE "MIND STEALERS"

INSIDE the huge tiled laboratory, the solitary figure of Alan Campbell, better known as Captain Rocket, was bent intently over the dials of an electronic burner. On top of the burner was a huge copperite vat which contained radioactive saltine solution. This time the super-wizard of science was experimenting to extract the radioactive salts by evaporation. Its success would mean cheaper and better fuel for Earth's cargo space ships.

Captain Rocket looked up from his work then. Deep lines of fatigue were etched in the young scientist's face. Suddenly he felt a bit unsteady on his feet and a slight dizziness came over him. The usual brightness of his alert brown eyes was gone. "Whew!" he muttered, "I'm about done in—almost as if . . ." His thought was cut short, as his gaze wandered to the deep black shadows, bordering the lab. Instantly, he saw them.

Two yellow, glowing spots shone back at him. They almost resembled a pair of eyes. Then he made out another pair; another, and another . . . Automatically, his hand dropped to his dis-gun. "Who's there? Speak up, or I'll blast you into atomic dust!"

The yellow disks seemed to grow brighter, draw closer. Then, several man-shaped things disengaged themselves from the shadows and came slowly toward Captain Rocket.

At first, there were only three of them, then six, ten, twenty, fifty of them stood before him. They were ugly green-skinned beings, with whitish mottlings. Rocket glanced at their webbed fingers, pointed ears, and wide noses, and shuddered at the sight of the sharp, black teeth protruding from bloodless lips. But it was the eyes, those great, orange-colored orbs, bulging and glowing in the gloom, that held him fascinated.

Then one of them, who was apparently the leader of these strange green men, spoke: "You will do nothing of the sort, Captain Rocket. We have planned too long for this moment." His eyes seemed to glow more strongly by the minute, as he held Captain Rocket's gaze. He wore an odd-

looking machine strapped to his back. Several antennae dangled from it. "We are called the Saturnian Mind Stealers," continued the leader. "You will do exactly what I tell you!"

Captain Rocket's head began to swim crazily. His eyes blurred and went out of focus. He stared fixedly at those great sun-colored eyes. If only he could look away . . . But that was impossible. He had to look at them. His will power seemed to ebb and he found himself agreeing with the Saturnian leader. "Exactly as you tell me, leader!" he echoed dully, all emotion gone from his voice.

"Now you will instruct the Earth Council to receive me!" ordered the green man.

As though in a dream, Rocket went to the telephon-annunciator and called the Earth Council. "You will receive the Saturnian representatives," was all he said. At first, there was disbelief, then doubt, but finally, the Council agreed. One word from super-scientist Captain Rocket was law on Earth.

"Thank you, Captain Rocket. You have just surrendered the planet Earth to us. When we get there, the Council will have no other choice!" murmured the mocking green man. "Our own planet is too small to hold our population. We shall go now, but I will leave one of my men to guard you. You will learn your fate later."

Captain Rocket could only nod. He was powerless in mind or body to do anything else. He must comply with their every wish and demand. Suddenly, as the leader turned away from him to summon a guard, Captain Rocket noticed something—a return of thought-power. Consciousness had returned. It happened when the leader took those glowing eyes off him.

But he rejoiced too soon, for in the next instant, the ugly, saucer-eyed guard held him transfixed with a burning gaze. Captain Rocket's mind went blank once again. A memory wisp stayed within him, however, and if that chance should come again . . .

Hours passed. The green guard kept staring at Captain Rocket. But just a little after midnight,

Captain Rocket felt something. The impulse to look at those glaring yellow eyes was not as strong as it had been! Faintly, he experienced some semblance of reason returning. There was something . . . Yes! That was it!

The vat!

The water was starting to come to a boil. Faint wisps of steam drifted into a haze within the room. Some of it passed between the green man and himself. The guard noticed none of this. Soon, the steam was billowing in thick clouds. And the thicker the steam became, the more Captain Rocket could think! It was acting, he reasoned hazily, as a cloud acts when crossing the sun. The sun! There was something in those yellow glaring eyes that vaguely resembled the sun.

Just then a thick cloud of vapor floated slowly between him and his captor. It was time to act! Like a madman he clawed at his dis-gun. The green guard saw the movement and lunged. Without aiming, Captain Rocket triggered the weapon. Blue rays flashed from the muzzle, followed by the loud electric crackle. The guard toppled, then lay still on the floor. His eyes remained open. But Captain Rocket knew that as long as they were not trained upon him, he was safe.

His mind raced wildly. The resemblance in the eyes of the green men to the sun . . . Perhaps that was the clue to the situation. Quickly, he took the spectroscope from his vault, elevated the color band viewer, and trained on the yellow eyes of the guard. All the colors of the spectrum band appeared clearly on the screen. To the left, he found what he was looking for.

There was no doubt about it—ultra-violet rays! They glowed brightly, blindingly. He looked at the intensity gauge. "Fifty times norm! Angstrom units have been stepped up one hundred percent. There's enough heat and brilliance there to affect the brain's thought-center and paralyze it!" he muttered aloud. "Wait, that generator on the leader's back . . . it probably steps up those units." He made rapid calculations, then hurried to the televon-annunciator, and buzzed the Earth Council.

When the face of Varno, Earth Council leader glowed on the screen, Captain Rocket knew it was too late. Looking at the dull, listless eyes and the drooping jaw on the screen, he knew the green men had made good their threat. But Captain Rocket spoke anyway: "You will not surrender

to the green men. You will resist them. They are fakes . . ." He let his voice trail off and waited.

Then the face of the green leader crowded the screen. The glaring eyes had no effect upon him now. "You're too late, Captain Rocket. Earth is already ours—and without even a fight!"

"I have defeated your so-called power," replied Rocket. "Look, I have overcome your guard. Earth does not surrender until Captain Rocket is dead!"

The green leader's face fell. "Quickly," he hissed. "We return to Captain Rocket's laboratory at once!" The televon clicked off.

Captain Rocket waited nervously and silently in the shadows of his laboratory, and in a little while, he heard the door open. The green leader, followed by many of his horde, entered. "Ho, Captain Rocket . . . come out! Hiding will do you no good."

Captain Rocket stepped out of the shadows and faced the green leader. He looked at him squarely, right in the eyes. "Look, I stare right at you, Saturnian and I can still think clearly!"

The green leader backed away, half in fright. "B-but those things covering your eyes—I have never seen them before! What are they?"

Captain Rocket chuckled. The green men started to lunge toward him. In a flash, he had his paralyzer ray unholstered and sprayed the oncoming horde with its full force. They stopped, in their tracks and fell to the floor. Those not hit, turned in fright and fled out into the night.

After they had gone, the televon buzzed sharply. It was the Earth Council leader, Varno. "They're gone, Captain Rocket. Something seemed to happen to them. They just wilted away. What did you do?"

Captain Rocket laughed softly. "Saturnians have eyes with all the aspects of the sun, Varno. I learned that in the spectroscope. The leader was generating angstrom units in that gadget on his back . . . giving enough power to his men to destroy logical thinking . . ."

"But they're gone!" Varno repeated. "I don't understand! What drove them away?"

Captain Rocket hesitated momentarily, then spoke. "We can thank our ancestors, Varno, that Earth was saved by a very old-fashioned pair of SUNGLASSES, which filtered out the ultra-violet rays, enabling me to destroy the leader and that generator on his back!"

The SPACE FALCON

'PIRATE OF THE STRATOSPHERE'

THE SPACE FALCON, HUNTED BY OUTLAWS AND THE PLANETARY POLICE PATROLS, HAS HIS OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE. HE PREYS ON THE ILL-GOTTEN LOOT OF CROOKED SPACEMEN--AND DONATES IT TO THE POOR PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE. EVEN NOW, AS HE AND HIS FRIEND, TUBBY, CRUISED AT THE EDGE OF THE DANGEROUS DEEP SPACE...

LOOK, TUBBY, THAT POOR DEVIL CLINGING TO THE SPACE WRECK!

WHAT COULD HE BE DOING HERE AT THE EDGE OF THE DEEP SPACE VOID?



SEARCH ME? VERY FEW SPACEMEN DARE ENTER THIS SECTION OF SPACE UNLESS PROCESSED FOR IT!

LIKE DEEP SEA DIVERS, EH? SAY WHAT'S DOWN IN DEEP SPACE ANYWAY?



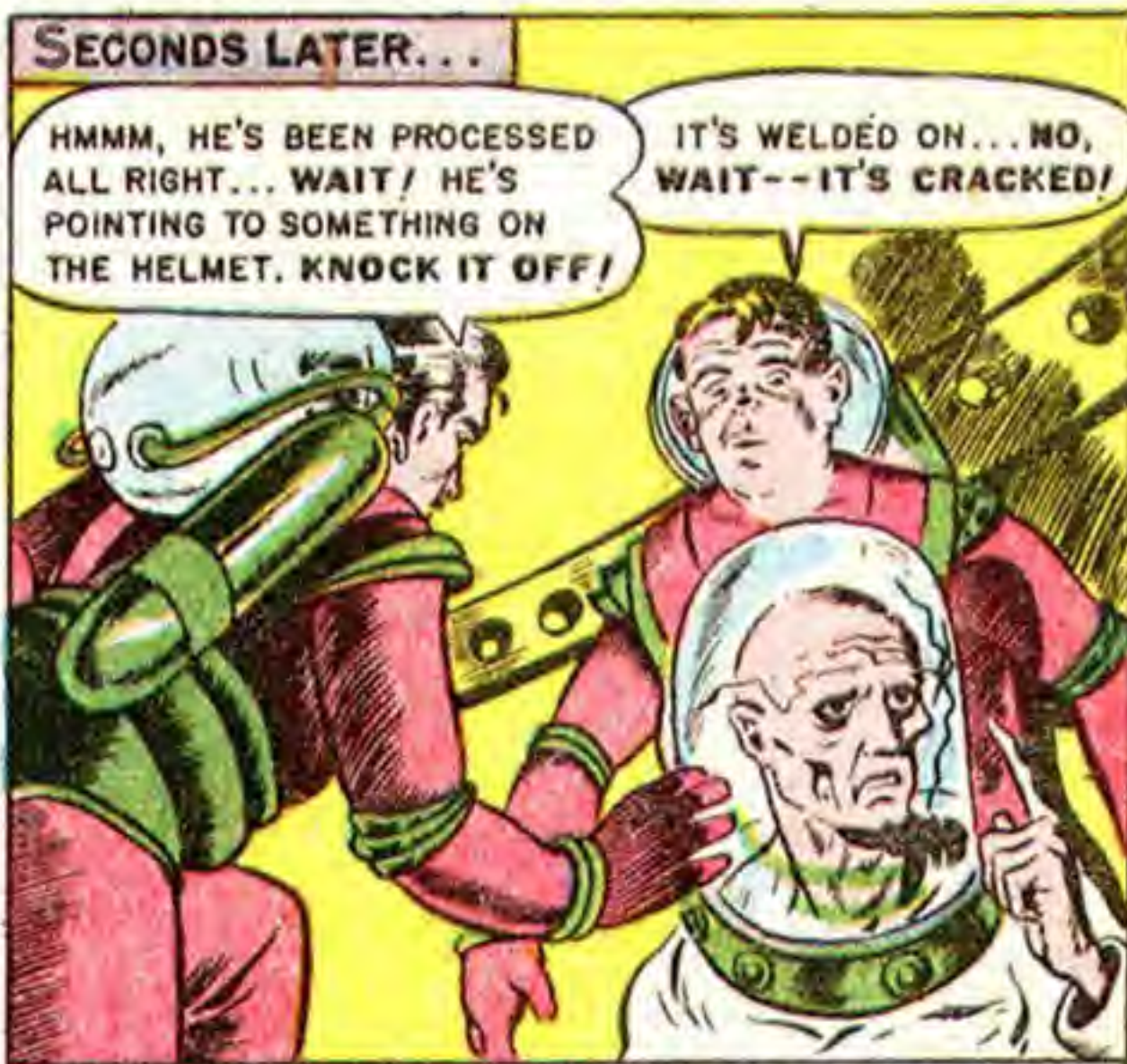
RADITE, AND BLUGOLD. I'LL HEAVE TO AND PICK UP THAT SPACEMAN TO SEE WHAT GIVES.

SWING IN 2° TO PORT, CHUM, AND I'LL SHOOT OUT THE RAY LADDER!

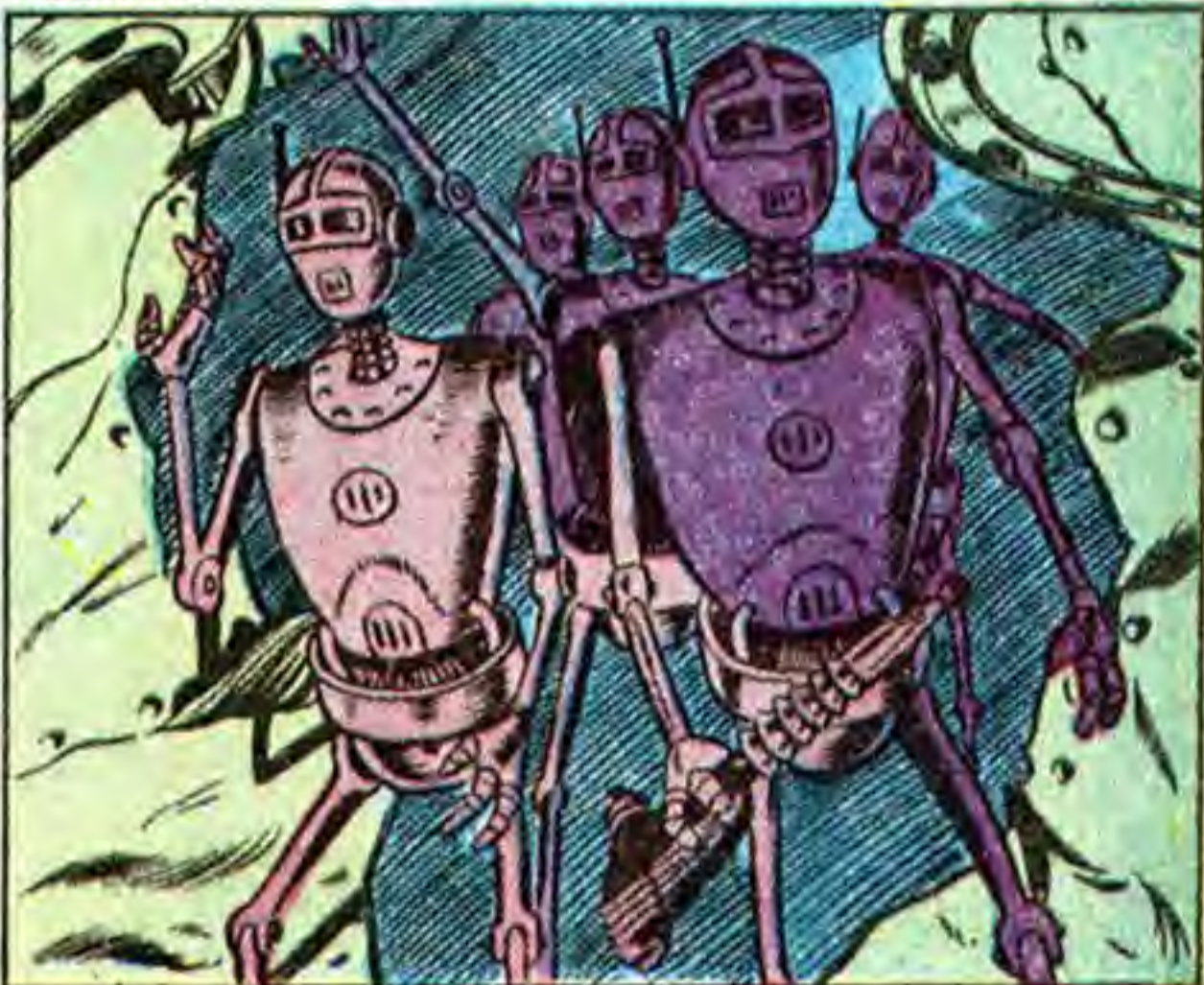




COULD BE! THIS GUY LOOKS AS IF HE'S ESCAPED.



THE METAL SEAMS CRACKED! A LARGE GAPING HOLE OPENED AND STIFF, EMOTIONLESS FIGURES POUR IN...



SOON, AS FALCON AND TUBBY REVIVE FROM THE PARAX BLAST...



LATER, AFTER THEY HAVE LANDED, THE FALCON AND TUBBY SEARCH THE PLANETARY DIRECTORY FOR THE SINGLE NAME CASSANDRA --- THEN AFTER HOURS OF CHECKING AND RE-CHECKING DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

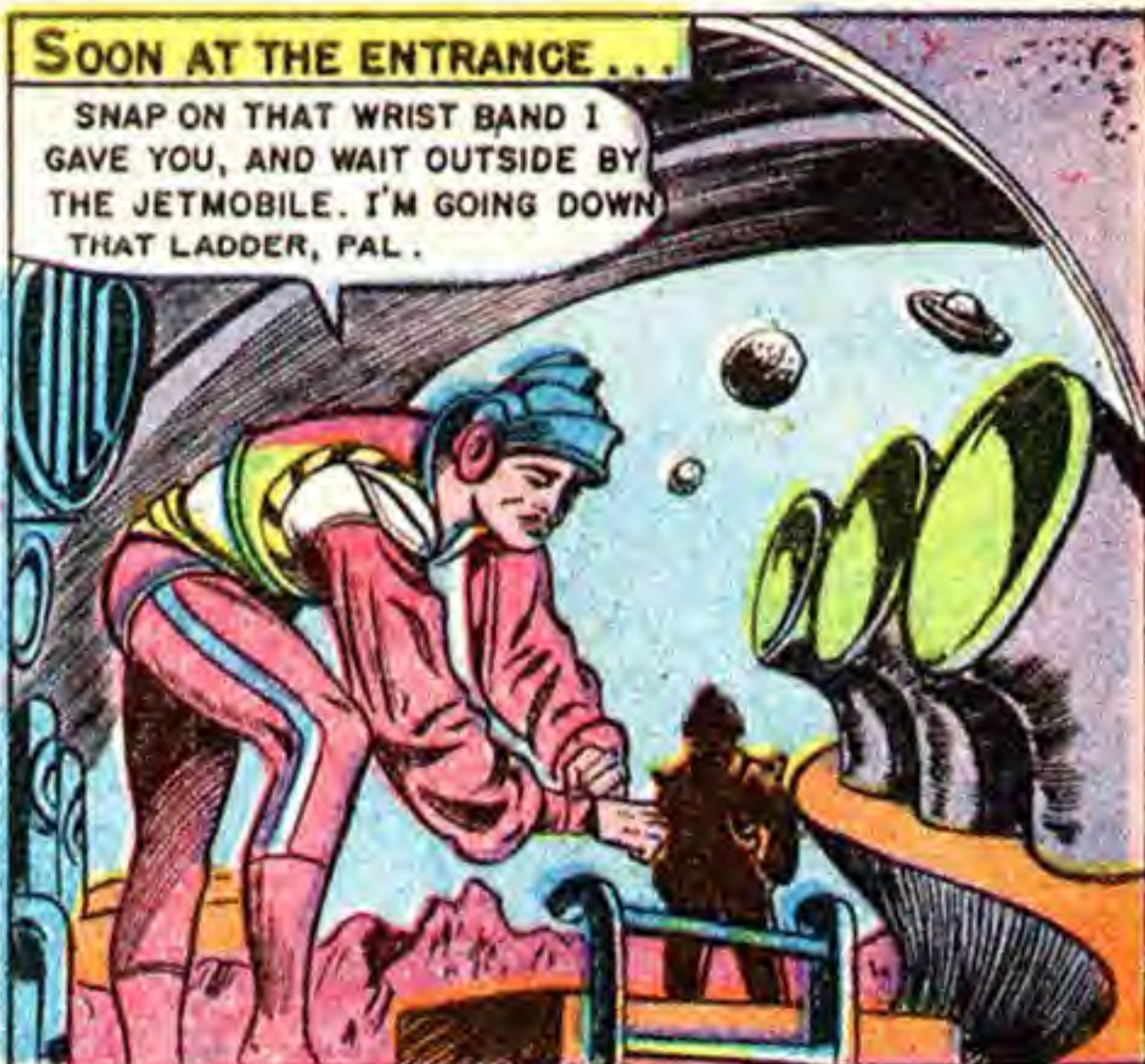


THIS IS THE LAST CASSANDRA, TUBBY. THIS HAS TO BE IT! DID YOU TAKE THAT NOXO PELLET I GAVE YOU?

YEH, AND MY HEAD'S GOIN' AROUND-- I DON'T GET IT! HEY, LOOK, NO ONE AT THE ENTRANCE!

SOON AT THE ENTRANCE...

SNAP ON THAT WRIST BAND I GAVE YOU, AND WAIT OUTSIDE BY THE JETMOBILE. I'M GOING DOWN THAT LADDER, PAL.



THEN, AS FALCON STARTS DOWN...



STRANGE LOOKING LAYOUT, I WONDER...

JOB, EH! COME ON DOWN, I'LL TELL THE BOSS!

OH, HELLO! I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB. I'M A MINER, AND...

AS, IN ANOTHER ROOM...

DURGO'S SIGNAL. THERE, I'VE SWITCHED ON THE VIDEO SCANNER, CASSANDRA!

HMMM... NOT A BAD SPECIMEN, BUT BEFORE I GO TO WORK ON HIM, I'D BETTER CHECK AND SEE IF ANYONE CAME WITH HIM... HE MAY BE POLICE!



AND, ABOVE, IN THE JETMOBILE...



THERE, I'VE SWITCHED ON THE VIDEO-- ATTUNED TO THAT WRIST BAND FALCON IS WEARING... WAIT! THOSE CREEPS, GONNA GRAB HIM...

SO! LOOKS LIKE A SHANGHAI RACKET GOIN' ON HERE. I'LL GO DOWN AND GIVE HIM A HAND. WHAT?



HO, MY FAT FRIEND... THAT KNOCKOUT RAY'LL HOLD YOU! BRING HIM BELOW, MEN!



WHILE BELOW...

HMMM, GOOD THING I HEARD YOU BOYS. THERE, HAVE A NICE TIME KNOCKING HEADS!

STRANGE, THAT METALLIC SOUND...

CLANK!



SUDDENLY, PLASTI-SKIN SEARED BY HEAT BLAST--EXPOSING A FACE OF METAL...
A ROBON!



THERE! A FULL RAY BLAST IN THE FACE. NOW TO SEE IF I'M RIGHT!

AIR LOCK 46



BUT...

CLEVER ARTICLE. WISE TO MY ROBON-MEN. THIS VACO-TUBE'LL FIX HIM!



WHAT THE-- I'M BEING DRAWN INTO THIS TUBE! I-I'M HELPLESS...



DOWN THE DARK SHAFT, THE FALCON PLUNGES, BRAIN REELING CRAZILY, THEN...



TUBBY! THOUGHT YOU WERE ABOVE?

I GOT TOO WISE, FALCON! THAT SHE-SHANG-HAI ARTIST NABBED ME, TOO. GUESS WE'LL BE PROCESSED WITH THE OTHER SUCKERS!



LATER, CASSANDRA GREETES HER BIGGEST CUSTOMER...

SO, YOU WANT MORE MEN, EH, ROGGE? YOU MUST BE HAULING RADITE AND BLUGOLD OUT BY THE TON. I'LL HAVE TO JACK THE PRICE UP.

PAH! THE MEN YOU SELL ME DON'T LAST LONG, CASSANDRA. THE WHIRLPOOLS AND HIGH PRESSURES KILL 'EM OFF TOO QUICKLY.



BESIDES, ONE GOT AWAY ON ME! I'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLEN FOR MORE RIGHT NOW. CAN YOU GET ME MORE?

YES! BY THE WAY, MY ROBONS CAUGHT THAT MISSING ONE. BUT COME, THE PROCESS ROOM IS READY.



HMMM... SO THAT'S HOW THE PROCESS GOES, EH? YOU'RE A DEVIL, CASS!

THE PRESSURE IS EQUALIZING THEM FOR THE DEEP SPACE, BUT THEY'VE BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH. TOO MUCH WILL KILL THEM!



ATTENTION! RELEASE PRESSURE TO Z-1 INTENSITY... OPEN VALVE AND COUPLINGS SLOWLY... DECREASE...



WHILE INSIDE THE PRESSURE CHAMBER...

DEPRESS THE SECOND BUTTON, TUBBY. THESE WRIST BANDS KEEP US IMMUNE FROM THE PRESSURE!

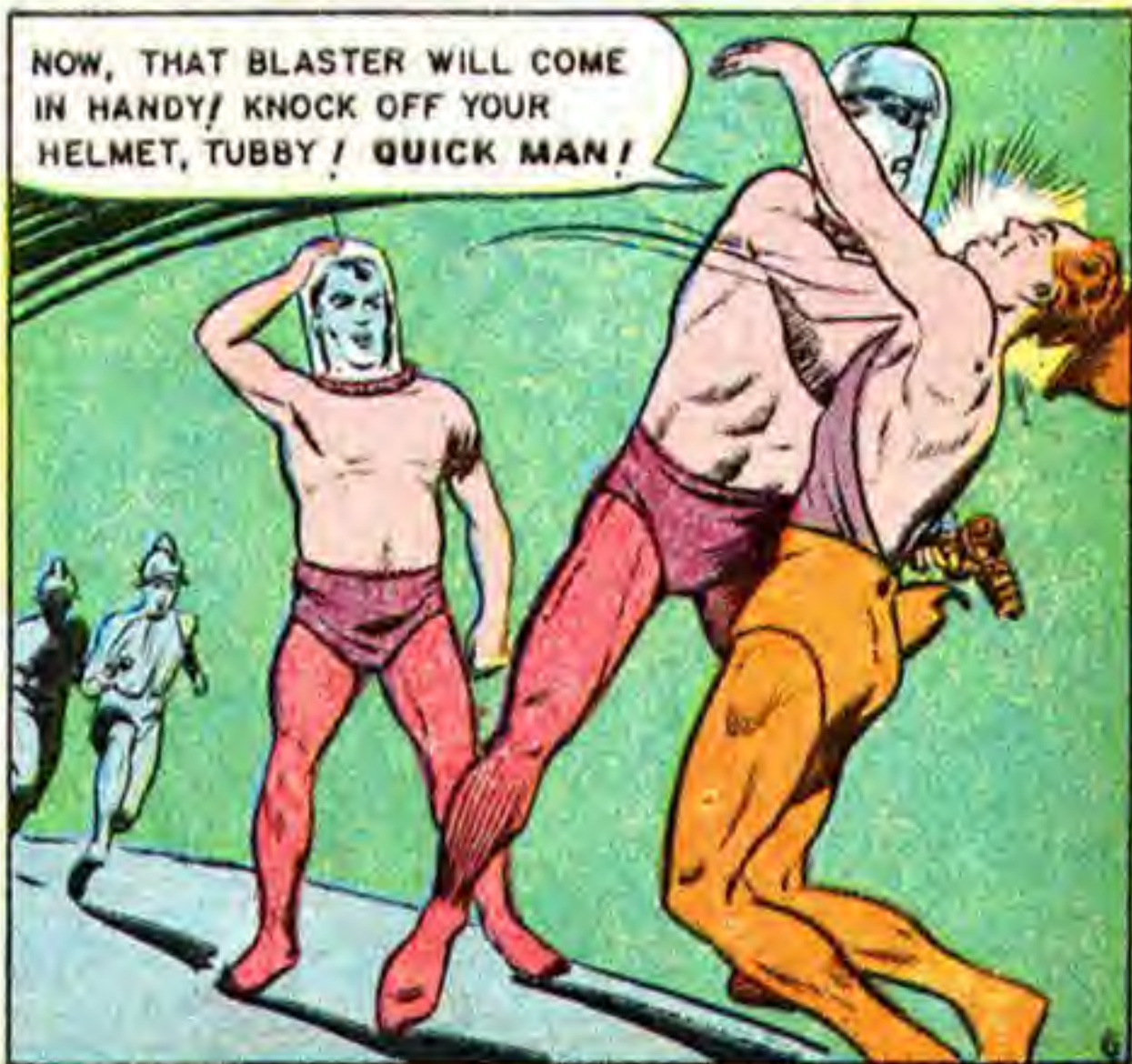
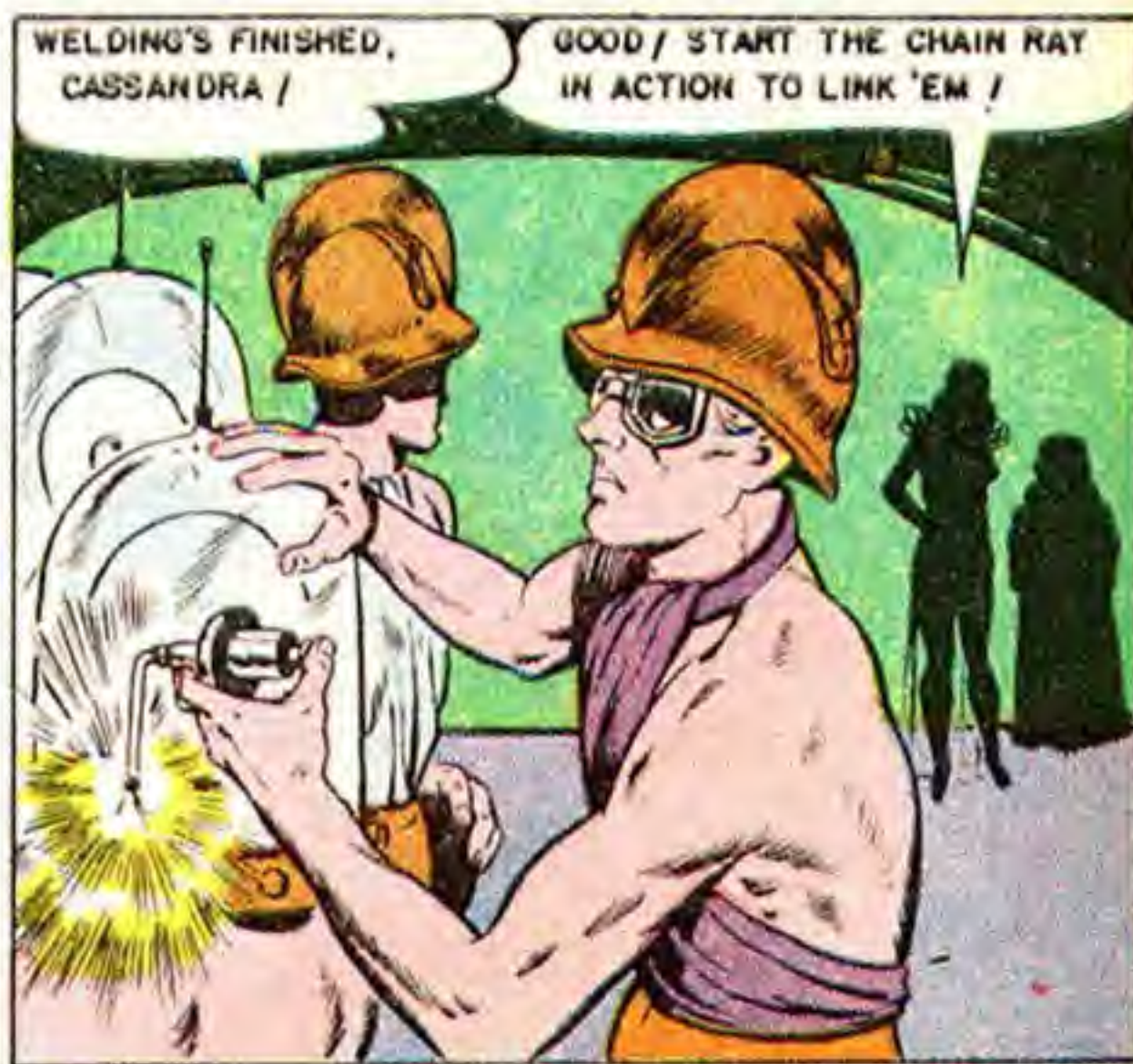


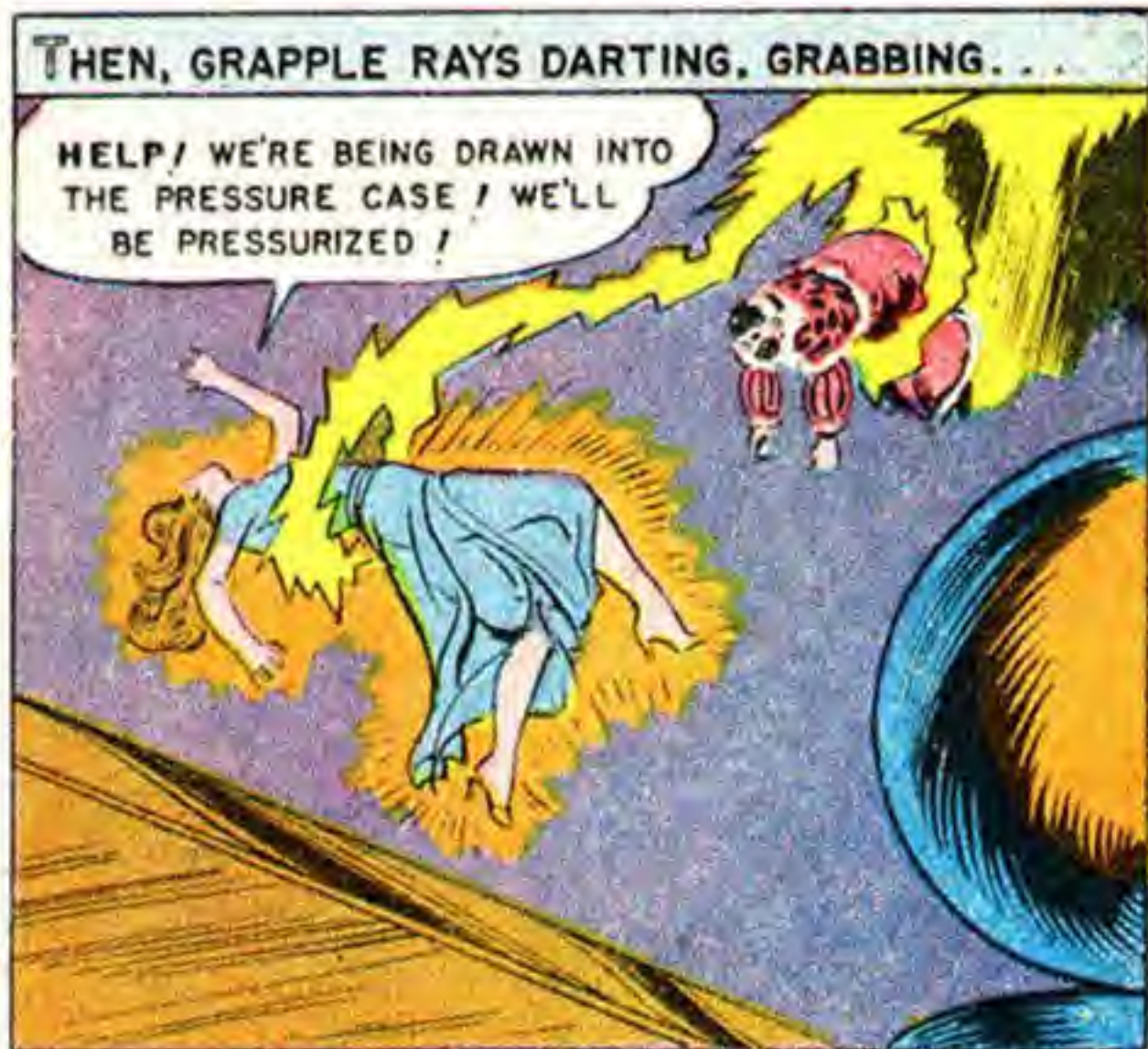
SWITCH ON THE GRAPPLE RAY AND BRING THEM OUT. THEY'RE DONE! BE SURE TO WATCH THOSE NEW FELLOWS WHILE PUTTING ON THE PLASTINE HELMETS!



THERE'S THOSE NEW ONES! THEY WON'T GET AWAY ONCE WE GET THOSE COLLARS WELDED ON!





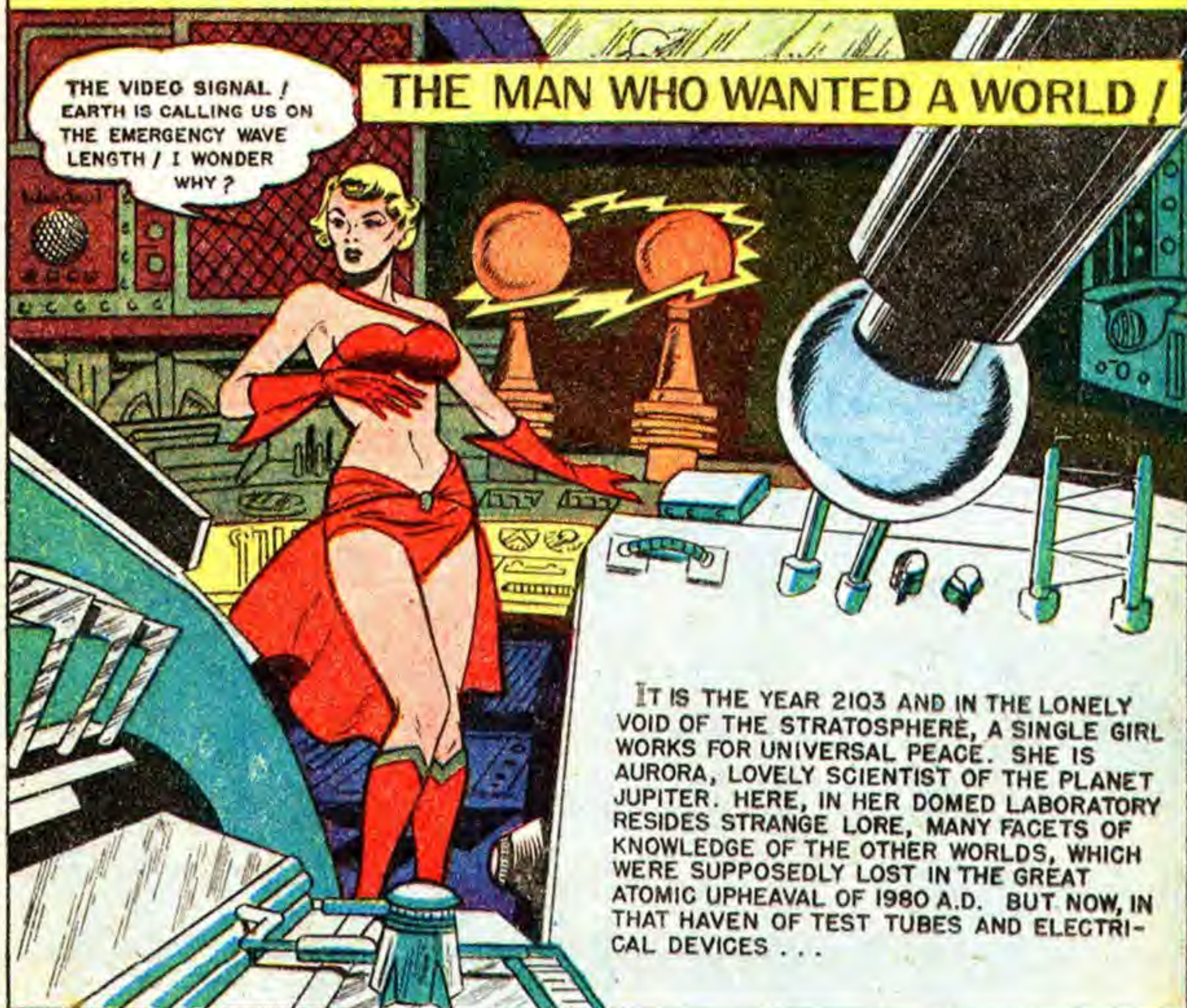


THE END

AURORA of JUPITER

THE VIDEO SIGNAL /
EARTH IS CALLING US ON
THE EMERGENCY WAVE
LENGTH / I WONDER
WHY ?

THE MAN WHO WANTED A WORLD /



IT IS THE YEAR 2103 AND IN THE LONELY VOID OF THE STRATOSPHERE, A SINGLE GIRL WORKS FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE. SHE IS AURORA, LOVELY SCIENTIST OF THE PLANET JUPITER. HERE, IN HER DOMED LABORATORY RESIDES STRANGE LORE, MANY FACETS OF KNOWLEDGE OF THE OTHER WORLDS, WHICH WERE SUPPOSEDLY LOST IN THE GREAT ATOMIC UPEHAVAL OF 1980 A.D. BUT NOW, IN THAT HAVEN OF TEST TUBES AND ELECTRICAL DEVICES . . .

DIL KURLAND, THE
EARTH LEADER...
WHAT IS SO
URGENT ?

AURORA! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE... HAPPENING
HERE ON EARTH! IT-IT'S
HARD TO DESCRIBE OR
EXPLAIN...



IT STARTED FOUR DAYS AGO--IN OUTLYING SUBURBS.
NOW THEY'VE COME INTO THE CITIES, EVEN THE
CAPITOL! WE'VE TAKEN PICTURES! I'LL RUN THEM
OFF FOR YOU. WATCH CLOSELY!



"PANIC IN OUR STREETS...PEOPLE CLAWING EACH OTHER TO ESCAPE..."



"DEATH, WHEREVER YOU GO! ESCAPE IS HOPELESS, EVEN AT THE SPACEPORT..."



"EVEN OUR SOLDIER'S WEAPONS WERE USELESS..."



"THIS, AURORA... THIS HUGE MONSTER IS CREATING THE TERROR. OUR WORLD IS IN COMPLETE CHAOS!"



MEANWHILE, HOVERING ABOUT A MILE ABOVE EARTH...

CONFUSION AND PANIC ON EARTH... WHAT MORE, TAL JAR? YOUR PLAN WORKS!

THE WHOLE OF EARTH! IT MUST BE MINE--MINE! HAH! I WILL SOON BE IN COMPLETE CONTROL!

BUT TO RULE EARTH IS THE DESIRE OF EVERY PLANET LEADER IN THE UNIVERSE! THEY SAY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONQUER THE PLANET EARTH!

PAH! IMPOSSIBLE FOR SOME, PERHAPS--BUT NOT FOR THE GREAT TAL JAR!



FOR TOO LONG HAVE I PLANNED THIS ATTACK UPON EARTH! EARTH, THE RICHEST PLANET IN ALL THE UNIVERSE SHALL BE MINE! GET ME THE EARTH COUNCIL ON THE TELEVON AT ONCE! I WISH TO SPEAK TO THE LEADERS!



THEN, IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, THE FRANTIC EARTH LEADERS GATHER...

HEAR ME, EARTH FOOLS! YOU HAVE WITNESSED THE TERROR I CAN CAUSE--THE CONFUSION AND THE PANIC... SURRENDER NOW, OR I SHALL UNLEASH ALL MY DRAGONS, AND DESTROY THE EARTH!

IT IS TAL JAR OF KRYPTON! ARE WE TO SURRENDER TO THESE FIEND-LIKE DOGS, OIL KURLAND?



IT IS THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO, MY COLLEAGUES! OUR GUNS, OUR SOLDIERS ARE USELESS AGAINST THIS HORROR OF TAL JAR! WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER! I WILL GO ALONE TO SEEK TERMS WITH HIM!



ZOOMING EARTHWARD IS AURORA...

THIS HORROR ON EARTH PUZZLES ME, YET, I MUST KNOW ONE MORE THING ABOUT IT... AH, I APPROACH A LANDING FIELD!



THEN, DEACTIVATING THE IMPULSORS...

EVERYTHING IS ONE MASS OF WRECKAGE. THOSE PEOPLE--THEY'RE SO STIFF AND STRAIGHT... WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?



BRIEF SECONDS LATER, AURORA TAKES A CLOSER LOOK ...

WHY THEY'RE PARALYZED WITH FEAR! WHATEVER THIS HORROR IS, IT LEFT THEM IN A STATE OF SHOCK. I MUST SNAP THEM OUT OF IT!



THERE! THAT ANTI-HYSTERIA GAS BOMB SHOULD BRING THEM OUT OF THEIR PETRIFIED STATE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



WHAT HAPPENED? I--I'M ALIVE. --I'M NOT DEAD...

YOU'VE EXPERIENCED FEAR PARALYSIS, FRIENDS--I AM AURORA OF JUPITER. I'M HERE TO HELP YOU. YOU MUST TELL ME ABOUT THIS HORROR AND WHAT EVIL IT HAS DONE!



IT SEEMED LIKE A NIGHTMARE--THAT BIG MONSTER... NOTHING COULD STOP IT!

YES, YES... IT SEEMED TO GO RIGHT THROUGH BUILDINGS AND MATERIAL THINGS!



HMMM... WHAT THESE PEOPLE SAY SEEMS TO FIT IN WITH MY OWN SUSPICIONS ABOUT THOSE LIZARDONS! I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT SINCE KURLAND CONTACTED ME, NOW I'M SURE! I'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE...



MEANWHILE, AT TAL JAR'S FLYING DISK, A VISITOR ARRIVES...

I SURRENDER MY LEADERSHIP TO YOU, TAL JAR--TO SAVE EARTH FROM ANY MORE DESTRUCTION!

NOT ENOUGH, EARTHLING! YOU WILL ANNOUNCE THIS ON THE TELEVEN TO ALL THE PEOPLES OF EARTH... THAT I AM THE NEW LEADER AND SOLE EMPEROR OF THIS PLANET!



... AND SO, MY PEOPLE OF EARTH, IT IS WITH GREAT DISHONOR AND HUMILITY THAT I SURRENDER YOUR PLANET TO TAL JAR AND HIS BEAST HORDES...

ENOUGH, FOOL! TAKE HIM AWAY!



MEANWHILE, IN AURORA'S SPACE SHIP-- THE GENIUS OF JUPITER MAKES HASTY PREPARATIONS, FIGHTING AGAINST TIME...



BUT, AURORA, WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG!

THEN EARTH IS LOST, MY FRIEND. WHAT WAS THAT MESSAGE ON THE VIZI-SCREEN?

EARTH IS LOST ALREADY, AURORA! KURLAND HAS JUST SURRENDERED AND INSTRUCTED EVERYONE ELSE TO DO LIKEWISE!



THE FOOL! WHY DID HE NOT WAIT UNTIL HE SAW ME? GET ME A WAVE LENGTH ON THE CHANNELS... AT ONCE!

ATTENTION, EARTH, ATTENTION! YOUR LEADER HAS ORDERED YOU TO SURRENDER... I, AURORA, OF JUPITER, ORDER YOU NOT TO SURRENDER! TO YOU, TAL JAR, I, AURORA OF JUPITER, DEFY YOU AND YOUR INVINCIBLE BEAST HORDES...



INSTANTLY, A ROAR OF POWERFUL JETS, AS AURORA'S SHIP ZOOMS...



BUT A DIRECT CHALLENGE TO TAL JAR, AURORA--- YOU MUST BE MAD!

YES, I'LL BE MAD IF HE DOESN'T DO WHAT I EXPECT HIM TO DO. HEAD FOR BEARING 8Z, 4X... ACCILIVATE IMPULSORS ---FULL FORCE!

AS TAL JAR PREPARES TO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF AURORA...



THAT JUPITER WOMAN! I'LL SHOW HER! THE PROJECTOR RAY, QUICKLY, NOW! I WILL SHOW THESE FOOL EARTHLINGS WHO IS MASTER! STEP UP RAY TO FULL POWER!

AYE, AYE, MASTER!

THAT MOMENT SEEMED TO BRING IMPENDING DOOM...



THE LIZARDONS-- THEY'RE BACK! HELP US! HELP US!

WE ARE DOOMED! EVEN OUR LEADER HAS FORSAKEN US!

ONCE AGAIN PANIC RAGES. BUT THIS TIME, SPEEDING TOWARD THE TERRIBLE LIZARDONS.



LOOK, AURORA--ALREADY THE LIZARDONS ARE ATTACKING! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

ALTER COURSE TO Z-Y HOLD IT STEADY! DO NOT VARY COURSE, OR ALL IS LOST! STEADY ON TARGET PILOT!



THERE THEY ARE-- RIGHT IN LINE WITH MY SIGHTS! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENES WHEN WE TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS! NOW WE'LL LEARN IF I'M RIGHT OR WRONG!



INSTANTLY, THE GREAT LIZARDONS BEGAN TO SPLIT AND SHATTER UNDER AURORA'S RAY CANNON... SLOWLY, THE TERRIFYING BEASTS BEGAN TO VAPORIZE AND DISAPPEAR...



THEN SUDDENLY, AS IF BY MAGIC THE PANIC SUBSIDED.

LOOK, THE LIZARDONS... THEY ARE DISINTEGRATING! IT'S A MIRACLE!

THEY'RE DISAPPEARING! VANISHING INTO THIN AIR...

LISTEN! SOMEONE SPEAKS FROM THAT SPACE SHIP!



BLARING FROM THE SPACER...

THE DRAGONS ARE FINISHED! ONLY THE EVIL TAL JAR REMAINS... GET TO YOUR SPACE FIGHTERS! DESTROY HIM WHO WISHED TO MAKE YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE HIS SLAVES!



MEANWHILE, TAL JAR HAS OVERHEARD AURORA'S PROCLAMATION TO EARTH...

SO! AURORA HAS LEARNED THE SECRET OF MY LIZARDONS, EH? WELL, I'VE STILL A TRUMP CARD! BRING KURLAND, THE EARTHLING, TO ME AT ONCE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



YOU KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED? YOUR PRECIOUS AURORA HAS RUINED EVERYTHING! AND FOR THAT YOU DIE, KURLAND I SHALL KILL YOU!

YOU'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING ELSE, BEAST--WHAT DOES MY LIFE MEAN NOW?



BRAVE TALK, EARTH FOOL! LET US SEE HOW IT CHANGES YOU WHEN MY NEEDLE GUN PENETRATES YOUR HIDE... WHAT?

WAIT, TAL JAR! LOOK! ROCKET SHIPS DIVE TOWARD US! EARTH'S AIR FORCE IS ATTACKING US FROM ALL SIDES!

AS OUTSIDE, THE BRAVE FLEET
BLASTS AT TAL JAR'S HUGE
DISK OF TERROR...

PARA-RAYS! WE ARE DOOMED!
TAL JAR, WE ARE DOOMED!
AAAAHH!



WHILE...

LOST! EVERYTHING
IS LOST! MY MEN
DROPPING LIKE LEAVES! OUR ONLY
WEAPON WAS THOSE LIZARDONS
TO SPREAD TERROR. I MUST
ESCAPE IN THE ROCKET RAFT...



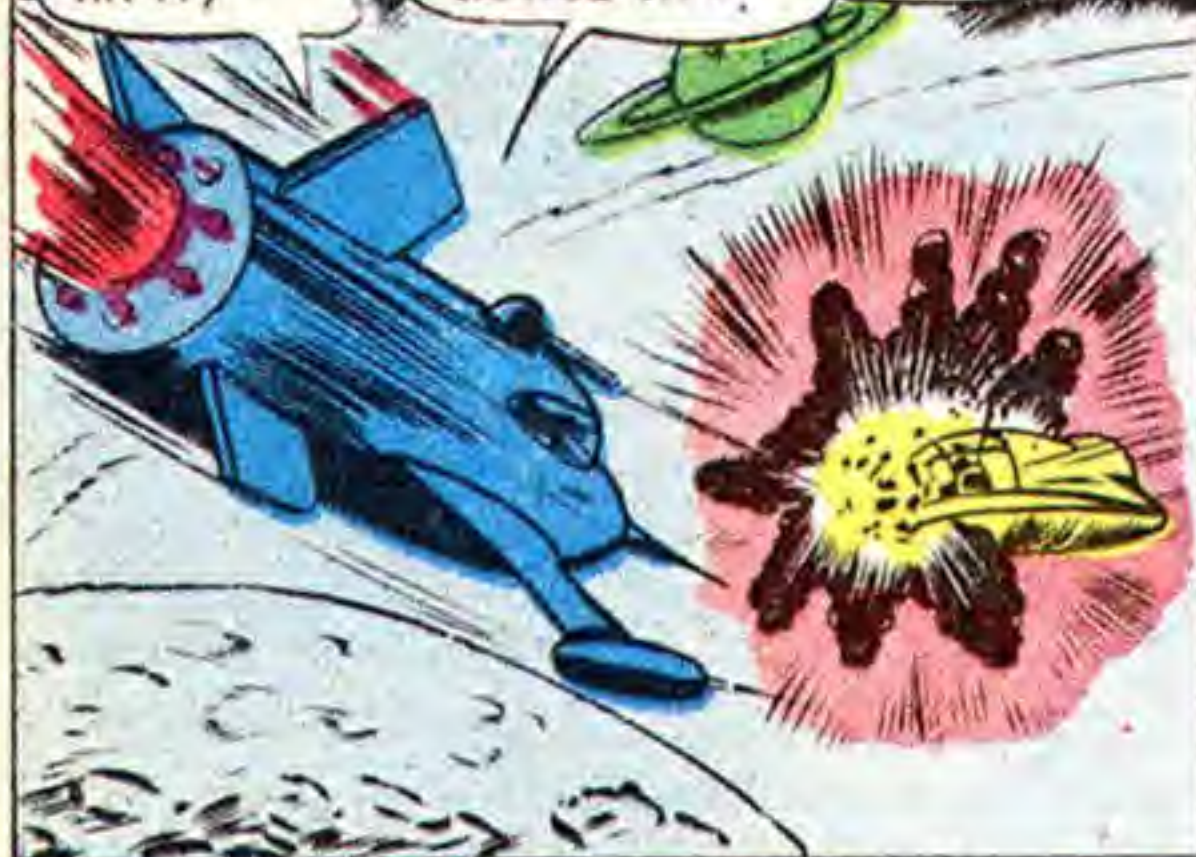
BLAST THAT AURORA! BUT
EARTH SHALL NOT FORGET ME,
FOR I SHALL BE BACK WITH NEWER
AND GREATER WEAPONS! THERE,
I AM OFF...



THE TUBE SHOOTS OUT, BUT AS IT ARCS AWAY
FROM THE MOTHER DISK...

BULLSEYE,
AURORA! YOU'VE
HIT IT!

...AND THAT'S THE END OF TAL JAR,
PILOT! CIRCLE BACK TO THE
CAPITOL CITY!



LATER, WHEN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE BATTLE
SUBSIDED...

EARTH OWES EVERYTHING TO
YOU, AURORA---OUR LIVES,
OUR VERY EXISTENCE...

ENOUGH, KURLAND! I
HAVE DONE MY DUTY,
NOTHING MORE! IF I HAD
NOT DISCOVERED THAT
TAL JAR WAS USING A MICRO-
LIGHT PROJECTOR, YOU
WOULD ALL BE DOOMED BY
NOW!



YOU MEAN THE
LIZARDONS WERE
NOT REAL, AURORA?
WHAT WERE
THEY?

LIGHT, KURLAND... PURE COLORED
LIGHT, PROJECTED WITH HIS MA-
CHINE. I SUSPECTED THAT, AFTER
A LITTLE INVESTIGATION, AND
CONSTRUCTED A BLACK LIGHT
GUN TO COUNTERACT THE
IMAGES THE PEOPLE SAW!



STILL LATER...

SO, TAL JAR'S ONLY
WEAPON WAS TERROR
AND FEAR!

THINK NOT LIGHTLY OF
THEM, KURLAND... FEAR
CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS
THAN PHYSICAL PERIL!
WELL, FAREWELL--I
AM OFF TO JUPITER!



THE END